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THE NEW AGE

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The Official Organ of

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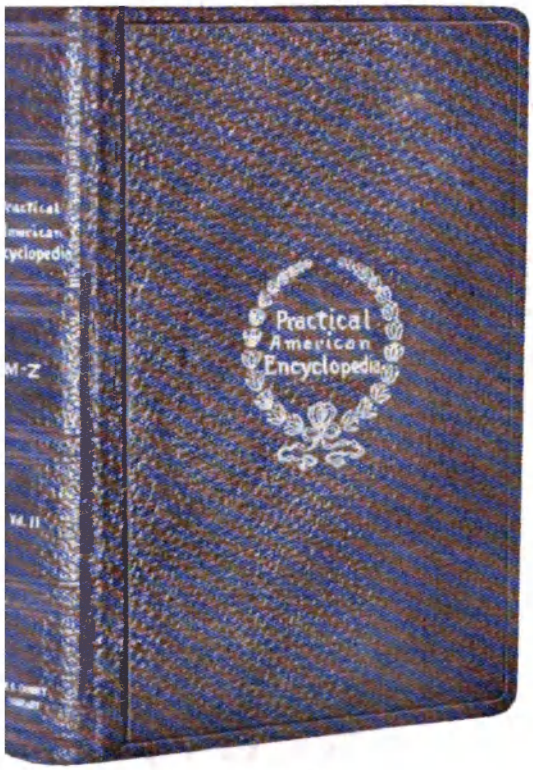

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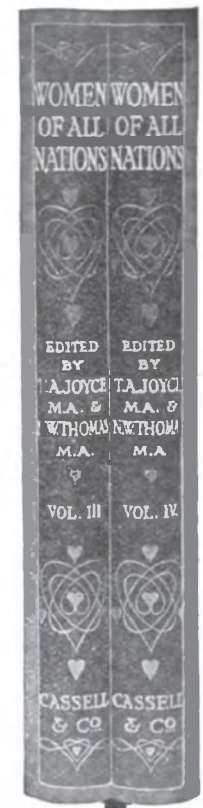

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The New Age

THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1911

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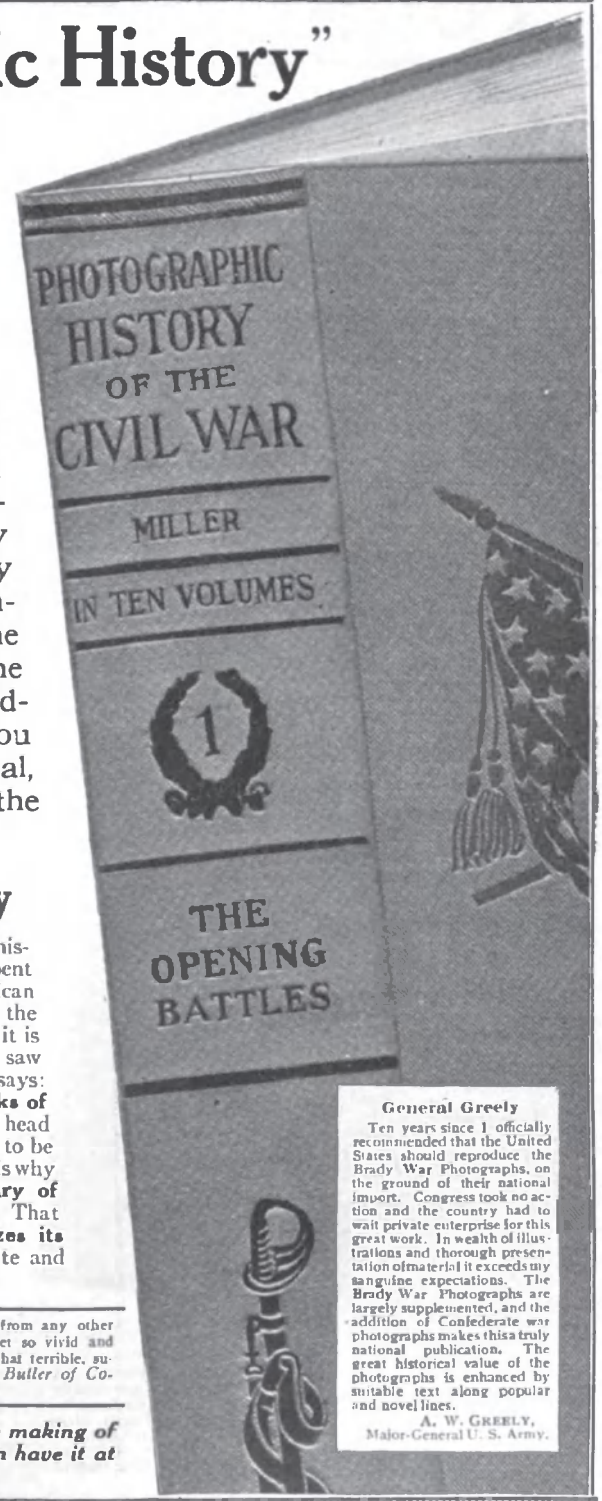
The "Photographic History" Completed!

Last Chance at Before-Publication Price

Today, more than a year after the dramatic discovery of the long-lost Civil War photographs, the ten volumes of the Photographic History of the Civil War, so eagerly looked for by the public, are ready for you. You who have been interested but were waiting for the complete set, we remind of the Before-Publication Sale now ending. If you write at once you can have the books on approval, delivered at our expense, at the Before-Publication Price.



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If this had been merely an especially good history of the Civil War, we should not have spent $500,000 to put it in the hands of the American public. But this is a history which conveys the story through the reader's eye. It is because it is new — unique — unlike any history you ever saw before that the Editor of the New York *Press* says: **"It just dissatisfies us with historical works of familiar type."** It is for this reason that the head of the American Press Association declares it to be **"A model for all future historians."** That is why it **brings the Civil War home to Secretary of War Stimson** as nothing has done before. That is why **General Leonard Wood recognizes its importance,** that is why our subscribers write and rebuke us for understating its value.

General Greely

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A. W. GREELY,
Major-General U. S. Army.

I prize it highly. A great addition to my library. Of very great historical value.—*Champ Clark.*

Of great value. The Photographs very good.—*Gen. Leonard Wood.*

I question whether from any other publication, men can get so vivid and accurate a picture of that terrible, superb struggle.—*Pres. Butler of Columbia University.*

See next page for the strange story of the making of this Photographic History—and why you can have it at the Low Before-Publication Price.

And so, in your set of Photographic History of the Civil War, you will have the whole story: the country has been ransacked and the result put in your hands. You will have in lasting and beautiful form this record of the Civil War, for part of which the United States Government paid $27,840; which General Sickles, President Garfield and General Benjamin F. Butler valued at $150,000.

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Sign the coupon and mail it at once.

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In the four years of our Civil War, Mathew Brady, photographic genius, secured thousands of actual photographs. A part of these were purchased by the National Government, which made no use of them. Brady spent $100,000 in this daring feat, yet when he died in the hospital almsward, he did not even know where this splendid work had vanished, for he had to give up the priceless photographs to creditors. They were knocked from pillar to post until, in the summer of 1910, they were discovered by the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

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Delighted and amazed by the discovery, it immediately occurred to us that with the passing years, many other pictures taken during the war had been lost. So we set out to find those other photographs, if they still existed. We found them. Taken by various photographers on the Union side and on the Confederate side by Cook of Charleston, Edwards of New Orleans, Davies of Richmond, by Confederate spies in the Union ranks and many others, they went astray.

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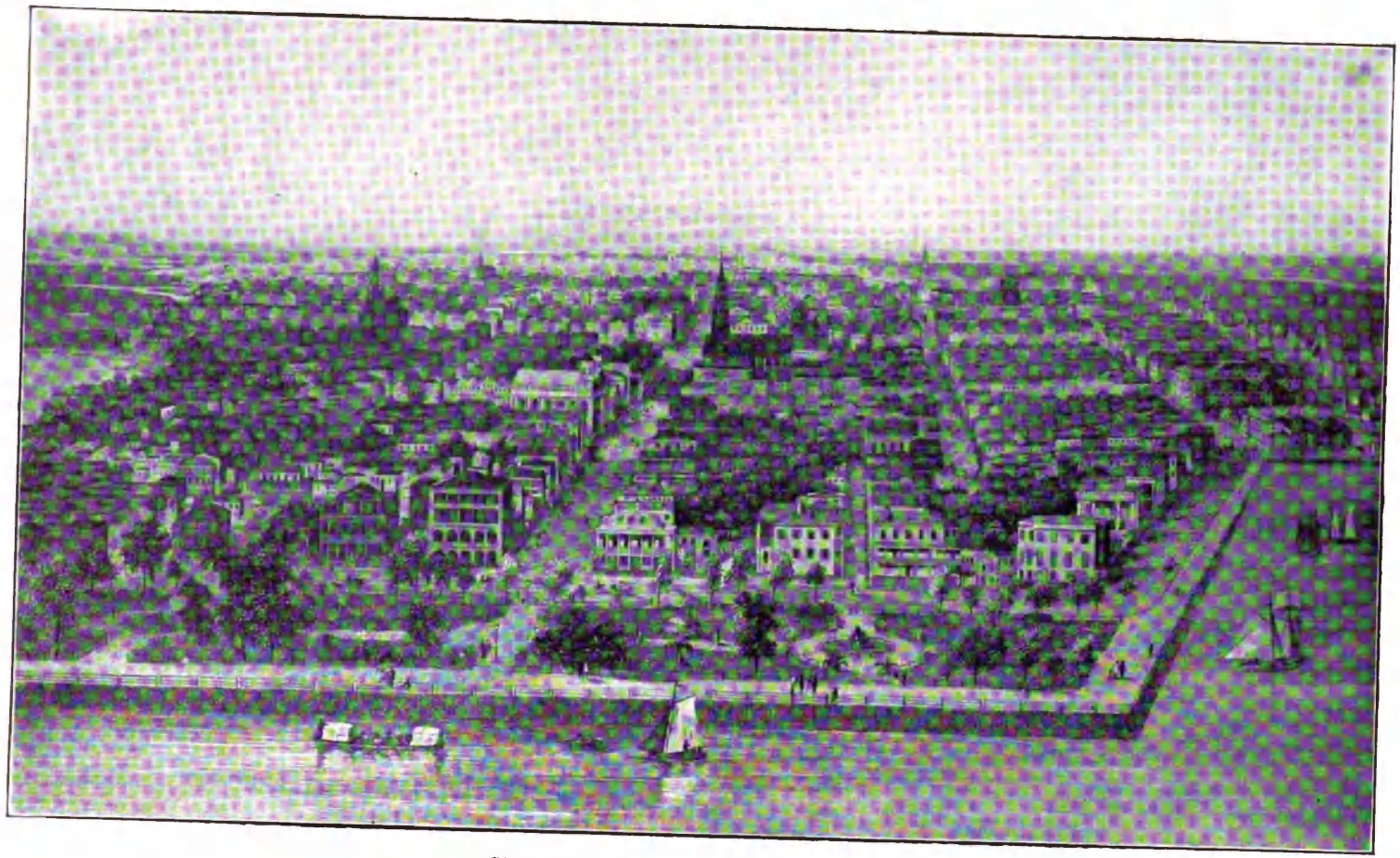

Charleston, South Carolina, in 1862.

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MAGAZINE

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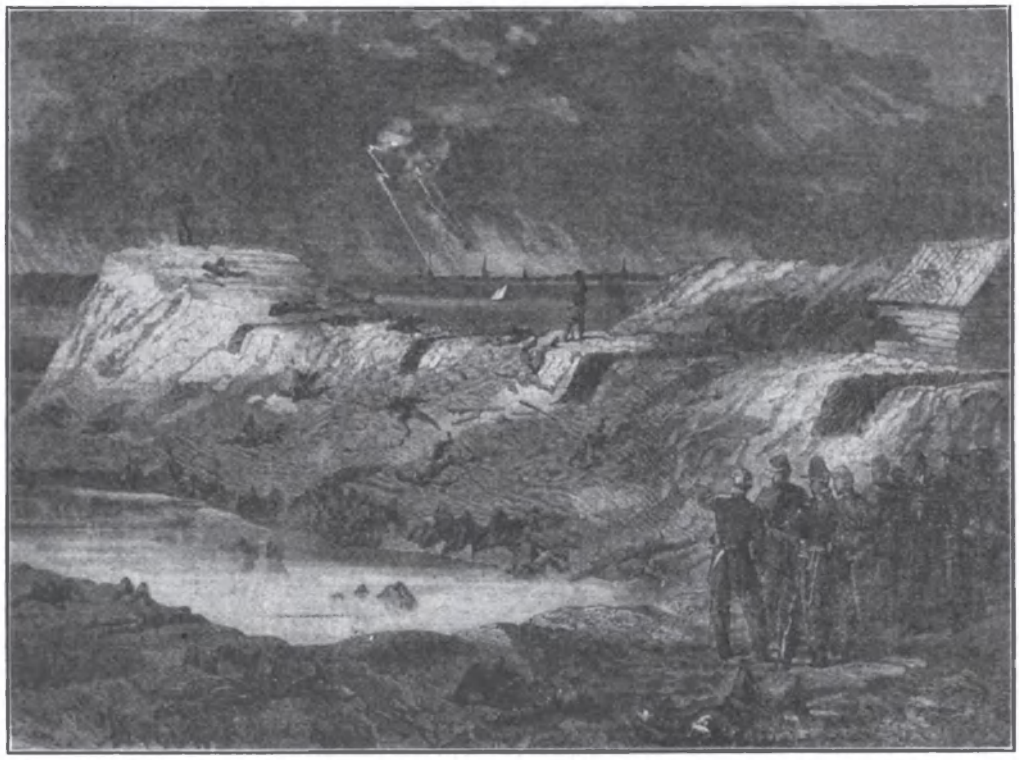


The War in America: Scene Presented in the Ditch of the Southern Slope of Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, the Morning After the Assault of July 18—From a Sketch by Frank Vizetelly in the Illustrated London News

WHEN CHARLESTON WAS UNDER FIRE

By Frank Vizetelly

This is a story of one who experienced the bombardment of Charleston, April 7, 1863. It is a part of an autobiography which has not yet been written because the writer was never heard of or from after the annihilation of the army of Hicks Pasha by the Mahdi at the Battle of El Obeid in 1885. The illustrations which accompany it were drawn by the same hand.

When the Civil War broke out, Frank Vizetelly, the author of this article, was sent to the United States as Special Artist for "The Illustrated London News". He began his work by accompanying General Burnside on his expedition to North Carolina and was assigned a berth on the "Picket", General Burnside's vessel. After reaching Roanoke Island he returned to Washington hoping to receive permission to proceed to the front with General McClellan. Failing in this he proceeded to St. Louis and joined the Mississippi flotilla of gunboats, spending a couple of months steaming up and down the river. Next he proceeded to Memphis and was present at the capture of that city by the Federal troops. Then he returned to Washington, hoping to join McClellan's command, then before Richmond, but the necessary permit being refused by Mr. Seward he made tracks for the South. Determined to reach Richmond, he told a Maryland friend whom he strongly suspected of Southern sympathies of his purpose and through his help was piloted southward by "underground route".

First he was required to furnish a photograph of himself, and then given a minute description of a man whom on a certain day he would find on board a West River steamer, starting from Baltimore. He was not to speak to this individual on board the boat, but was to land wherever he landed, and accompany him whither he was bound, without making any inquiries as to the names of the people he might come in contact with, or the localities through which he passed. The arrangement was duly carried out. The mysterious stranger was met on board the steamer, and he landed when he did, and was taken to a lonely spot where a buggy, drawn by a "span" of fine horses, was waiting. The stranger then invited him to enter the vehicle and drove him to a beautifully appointed residence some twelve miles distant. Food and wine were furnished him in profusion, and any desire he expressed was immediately gratified. The following day he was driven to another country residence, where he was hospitably treated, and a third day was attended with the same experiences.

On the fourth day he reached the river Patuxent, and after eluding the Federal cavalry scouting in the neighborhood was rowed across by some negroes in a flat-bottomed boat. Another day's journey brought him to Leonard's town on the Potomac, and at the house where he was entertained he was introduced to a secret committee of Southern sympathizers. There being no boats of any kind on the Potomac, he took a "dug-out", with a buck negro named Job to paddle him over to the Virginia shore.

Under cover of the night the two attempted to cross the river, but the splashing of their paddle was heard by the watch of a Federal patrol steamer, which fired at them, though fortunately without effect. Swiftly they returned to the Maryland shore, and hid among the tall rushes, which effectually screened them from observation. For two nights and one tedious day—tortured by mosquitoes during the former and roasted by the burning sun during the latter—they remained crouching in their hollow log among the dank reeds, with the patrol boat close by.

Night again set in, and in the gloaming they rejoiced to see the patrol

boat steaming away at full speed towards the river's mouth. As soon as she was well out of sight, they left their hiding place, and in a couple of hours set foot on Virginia soil. Frank Vizetelly then journeyed on to the Rappahannock in the company of a couple of young Marylanders, and, having eluded various Federal scouting parties, reached Richmond just as the second advance of the Northerners had been repulsed. This was in the autumn of 1862. He now accompanied General Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry officer, on one of his daring raids, and in the month of December was with General Longstreet at the bloody battle of Fredericksburg when the flower of Burnside's army was destroyed. Frank Vizetelly remained in the Confederate camp until February, sending various characteristic sketches to England.

In February, 1863, he went to Charleston, and remained their throughout the bombardment, his account of which is published below.

—*Frank H. Vizetelly.*

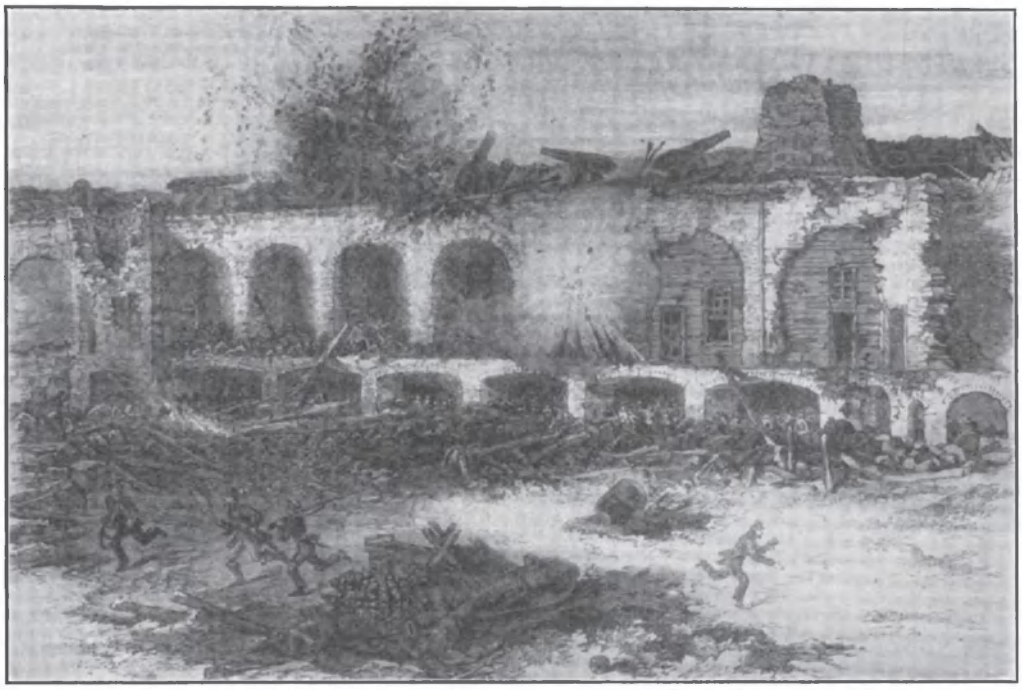
ON the 7th of April, 1863, I was seated in conversation with the brigadier-general commanding the "first military district of South Carolina". This military district was at that moment the most threatened point of the whole Southern Confederacy; it comprised the harbor, forts and approaches to the city of Charleston, and was liable to an attack at any hour from a hostile fleet of novel construction and formidable strength. From the room in which the general and myself were seated a magnificent view of the broad bay and islands could be obtained at a glance; while over the low sand-hills in the neighborhood of Battery Wagner a good glass disclosed the iron-turreted ships of the enemy, swaying lazily to and fro with the ground-swell. For two days they had occupied the same position, just outside the bar, and for two days the good people of Charleston had been anxiously awaiting the Federal assault, which they knew to be imminent. Theirs was not the anxiety of fear, for every man, woman and child in the city had unbounded confidence in their defenders and in the preparations which General Ripley has made for the enemy's reception. Indeed, so thoroughly indifferent were the ladies of Charleston to any sense of danger that an order issued by General Beauregard, for all women and children to leave the city, was, in most cases, disregarded. Well, a year ago to-day, General Ripley and myself talked of an event which would soon be decided. We spoke of the power of sand-batteries and earthworks to successfully resist an attack by an iron-clad fleet, armed with ordnance of prodigious force and calibre. Quietly the general reviewed all the chances, and if I had been troubled with any misgivings before his confidence would have dissipated them completely. Near the general's chair stood a knot of aides, with pistol and blade belted to their sides, ready at beck or call. In an adjacent room worked a telegraph, communicating instructions to the commanders of the different forts at the entrance of the harbor, while on the stairs and in the corridors were grouped some of the leading merchants, waiting to offer their services where required. Beneath the windows, on the wharf, was a busy scene indeed. Parties of negroes were actively engaged embarking shot and shell for Fort Sumter, and the batteries on Sullivan's and Morris Islands. Close at hand were drawn up the citizen reserves, composed of men of every degree, but all of one determination—to bury

themselves, if need be, in the ruins of their threatened city. Gray-haired planters, long familiar to the use of firearms, grasped the pieces in a fashion menacing enough to those against whom they might be turned. Clergymen were there very militant; artisans from the railway workshops and the arsenal showed in great number and great eagerness; while the compositors from the "Mercury" and "Courier" offices stood by to "double-lead" the enemy, in case of need.

On the unruffled surface of the bay, fretfully puffed the high-pressure transports, moving troops to the different positions assigned to them, and there, in tow of a small steamer, goes an old hull, with some huge kind of cylinder pendent from its bows. The steamer stays her progress; the old hull swings round with the tide; a rattle of chain clangs over the harbor, followed by a dull plunge, and the cylinder has disappeared. It is a monster torpedo, containing two thousand pounds of powder, and is worked by a submarine battery. This terrible engine of destruction was one of the general's pet ideas, and as he followed my glance from the open window he chuckled slyly.

Accepting an invitation to join the general at the first alarm-gun, I left the headquarters of the "first military district", to pay some few visits, while there was yet time. Who could tell, despite the universal confidence, the result of the coming struggle? Ere nightfall, for aught I knew, Charleston might be in ashes, and those who had welcomed me so kindly fugitives from their burning homes.

On East Bay, a street communicating with the wharves, stood a long line of ambulances in readiness to remove the wounded as they were brought up in boats from the forts. This was more suggestive than anything I had yet witnessed of the reality of the drama about to begin. In the immediate neighborhood were clustered groups of the hospital corps, some even reclining on the stretchers that still bore ominous traces of the uses to which they had been put at the battle of Secessionville. How many poor fellows were fated to toss in agony on those blood-stained couches before the morrow? At the doors of the houses on the battery promenade, facing the sea, were collected knots of negro servants, whispering to each other the undefined terror that literally blanched many a dusky visage: any one who has seen the negro under the influence of overwhelming fear knows what that is like. To them the preparations foreboded something awful indeed; and their imaginations, easily excited, pictured, I have no doubt, a regular East End tragedy, with everybody killed in the last scene, and the world coming to an end in a perfect bouquet of bombs and exploding shells. Many of them I knew by sight, from visiting at their masters' houses, and one old "aunty" addressed me, as I passed on my way: "Lor-a-mussy, boss! is dem cussed bobolitionists gwine to shoot dar big guns 'mongst us woman folk? I reckon dey had better go right clean away, just as dey come, for we ain't got no kind of use for sich pussuns. Praise de Lord be joyful, I'se ready to die, but I ain't no way fixed to go de long road to hebbun, and dat's what's de matter." Pointing to Sumter, that lay guarding the entrance to the bay, three miles off, and to the flanking forts on Sullivan's and Morris Islands, I suggested to the old lady that, before the Yankees could hurt her or the city, they would have to pass those strong sentinels. This remark was immensely comforting—such smiles apparently there were—such a rolling of white eye-balls. "Yes, sar. Thank you, sar. Ours is de boys dat can gib dem fits! Massa Charley's down dar," indicating Sumter with her bony finger, where the boy she had nursed was doing duty with his company. "I'll go and tell Massa Charley's Ma dat de cussed boboli-



The War in America: The Interior of Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, After a Continuous Bombardment by the Federal Batteries on Morris Island—From a Sketch By Frank Vizetelly in the Illustrated London News

tionists will all be sunk, praise de Lord, and dat's what's de matter."

At the first house to which I directed my steps I found the entire family of ladies assembled in the drawingroom, all in deep mourning, the mother for her son, the sisters for their brother. He lay in company with the honored dead on the plains of Manassas. In the midst of the busy group was a basket filled with linen (perhaps some that their boy no longer needed), which rapidly became lint under their quick fingers. Still mindful of the dead, they were thoughtful for the living: other young men were to go his gate, and silently worked these noble women at their Samaritan-like labor. No matter what house I entered, I found all similarly employed, without hurry or confusion; those ladies who had refused to leave the city set an example by their bearing that told wonderfully on the men whose duty it was to defend them. In the streets the impoverished shops still kept open doors, people went their way with cheerful countenances, and a stranger in the place would have scarcely credited that a powerful enemy was at the very threshold of the town.

The only place that showed unusual signs of activity, with the exception of the wharves, was the citadel green. Here a camp had been pitched to shelter a battalion of upcountry Carolinians, who had hastened at the first alarm to render asistance in case of need. These were busily drilling in their citizen's dress; while near by, the cadet corps of boy soldiers, in their neat uniforms, stood ready on parade to be moved at a moment's notice.

Let it be understood that to the civilians was deputed the safeguard of the city, the regular forces garrisoning the fort and islands at the entrance to the harbor.

On my way back to General Ripley's headquarters I paid a visit to General Beauregard, who commands the entire department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. I found

him seated at his desk writing rapidly, occasionally pausing to give an order, and opening despatches that couriers were bringing in from the outposts on James Island. Still, he received me pleasantly, spoke confidently, and dismissed me with an all prevailing belief in a Confederate success. Scarcely had I entered General Ripley's apartment when an aide, stepping quietly from an adjacent room, placed a slip of paper in his chief's hand. As the latter read it, his face flushed. It was a telegraphic despatch from Colonel Rhett, commanding at Fort Sumter, stating that the ironsides and nine Monitors had crossed the bar, and were steaming slowy towards the batteries. Turning to me, the general said: "Thank God, we shall soon know the issue of this fight." And then he immediately forwarded instructions to the various forts to prepare for action.

Yes, sure enough, there they came, their turrets whirling in a waltz of death. Cautiously they worked their way up the ship channel, and, as I watched their approach through my glass, I could almost hear the thumping of my heart against my ribs.

It is now between two and three in the afternoon, and as yet not a single shot has been fired on either side, but suddenly the southeastern parapet of Sumter is enveloped in smoke. Boom! comes the report over the quiet waters of the bay, and we see at once that it is nothing more than a salute to the State flags as they are unfurled by Colonel Rhett, in defiance to the foe. At intervals we catch the strains of the garrison band, as a favorable current of air wafts the notes to the city. And throughout that city the news has been flashed that the hour is at hand. Every house is pouring out its inmates, eager to witness the engagement: ladies, in almost gala costume, are hastening to the battery promenade, from whence an unobstructed view of the harbor and forts, and of the enemy's fleet, can be obtained. There is no terror expressed in any of those countenances —all are calm and collected; they are going to witness the bravery of their defenders.

The non-fighting population of Charleston fall into their places, young girls with their negro nurses —a piebald medley of black and white but all apparently sharing an unbounded confidence. Ominously the Northern fleet approaches, working its way towards the forts in single file, led by the "Passaic". Scarcely a word is spoken by any of the staff as they stand grouped upon the wharf, waiting for the general, whose boat is preparing to take him to Battery Bee on Sullivan's Island. All have their eyes fixed on the leading Monitor, watching eagerly for the moment that will bring her in range of the iron-throated mastiffs that lie couched in the sand.

At length a spiral column of smoke rises gracefully in the still atmosphere from Moultrie (Sullivan's Island), and a jet of spray close on the "Passaic's" quarter tells us that the first shot has been fired. Round swings the "Monitor's" turret, an iron shutter glides aside, disclosing a dark port, which, in a few seconds, vomits forth a cloud succeeded by a crash that shakes the very ground we stand on. That further puff and deafening report shows where the shell has burst—to old Moultrie the first honor of the challenge, and to old Moultrie the first reply. Again a pause of some minutes and the fleet draws nearer in: they are all now within the circle commanded by the forts, but no shot must be thrown away. At three o'clock, Fort Sumter, having the range, opens her batteries, and almost simultaneously the white smoke-puffs from the low sand-hills on Morris and Sullivan's Island indicate that Battery Beauregard and Fort Moultrie on the left, and Battery Wagner and Cumming's Point on the right, have become thoroughly engaged. The ironclads, forming in line of battle in front of Fort Sumter, maintain a rapid return

fire, occasionally hurling their fifteen-inch shot and shell at Moultrie and the minor batteries, but all chiefly directing their efforts against the eastern face of Sumter's gray volcano.

At this moment, General Ripley joins the eager group of spectators, and the boat being in readiness, we step in, and are rowed rapidly towards the scene of action.

What a roar of artillery was there! More than a hundred eight-inch, ten-inch and fifteen-inch guns were joined in the terrible chorus. As we drew nearer to the forts, our path lay right in the track of particles of shell and of solid shot that ricochetted over the surface of the bay, but bravely the crew bent themselves to their oars to bring us to our destination before the fleet drew nearer in and utterly blocked the channel. At last we were "safe" under the parapet and traverses of Battery Bee, the lower work on Sullivan's Island, which had not as yet opened; but the general, ascertaining the range, and finding the guns could reach, gave orders to fire.

Away sped the iron messenger, and a shout from the artillerymen told us the shot had been effective. The nearest Monitor found to her cost that there were still some other dogs to bark, and bite, too. Now the action was fast and furious, every gun on the defences working its hardest. The gunners, half stripped, begrimed by smoke and reeking with perspiration, plied rammer and sponge with might and

The War in America. Assault of Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, on the Night of July 18—The Rush of the Garrison to the Parapet—From a Sketch by Frank Vizetelly in the Illustrated London News

main; cheer after cheer went up between the discharges, and I from sympathy could not help cheering with the rest.

The bay, lately so calm and peaceful, is now like a seething cauldron. Huge spiral columns of water leap into the air around the ironclads, the thud of the bolts as they strike the enemy can be heard above the universal crash, the fifteen-inch shell of the Monitors are bursting in bouquets over the parapet of Sumter and the other forts. Vlau! a cloud of sand is scattered over our party, followed by a howling screech above, which makes us all instinctively incline our heads. A deafening report, a lurid glare, and a rattle of falling bricks, sufficiently indicate what has happened. "Anybody hurt?" cries the general, and the answer, "No," makes everyone draw a deep and thankful breath. This shell is succeeded by another and another, but all too high, thank goodness, to injure those within our battery, doing no further harm than destroying some wooden shanties in the rear. Now the leading Monitor staggers and reels like a drunken man, the water churning and foaming around her from the hail of shot with which she is greeted. She must be disabled, for she is turning feebly from the fight. Next, the "Ironsides", withdraws out of range, driven back by the concentrated fire of Sumter's heavy batteries; but there is one double-turreted ship that still stands boldly in, the "Keokuk". The gallant commander of this vessel, relying upon the reputation she had achieved theoretically, places her within seven hundred yards of the forts, and, being the post of honor, it is made the post of danger. Dearly she pays for her temerity; her boats are shot away, her smoke-stack riddled, and a portion of her bow smashed in; at five o'clock she follows the example of the "Ironsides", and withdraws, evidently seriously crippled. The action now perceptibly slackens on the part of the enemy, but still the forts pour in destructive broadsides, firing by battery. The southeastern face of Sumter shows a novel speckled appearance, from the impact of the shot; and the bricks that are flying from the parapet denote that the Northern missiles are doing mischief. Fortunately, Battery Bee and the other sand-works are comparatively uninjured, the shot and shell mostly striking the slopes and embedding themselves, or else going completely over, to waste their power beyond. Moultrie, the next fort to us, has had her flag-staff cut away, but through the smoke we see a gallant fellow holding aloft the colors from a traverse. At half-past five the remainder of the Monitors sheer off, more or less damaged, and come to an anchor out of range, in the ship channel, abreast of Morris Island.

That night I passed with General Ripley in Fort Sumter, to be in readiness for the renewal of the engagement expected on the morrow. Here I found the garrison elated, confident and eager for another brush. The injury the fort had sustained was comparatively trifling: portions of the parapet had been carried away, one ten-inch gun dismounted, two casements knocked into one, a drummer-boy killed, and five men wounded. In Battery Wagner two men were killed and four wounded, and in Fort Moultrie one man only met his death. Such was the result on the Confederate side of an action that all had looked forward to with the most intense anxiety. The attacking fleet possessed probably greater powers of offense than any fleet yet employed in the reduction of a fortified seaport—certainly the ordnance used was of a heavier description than other navies usually carry, and it must also be remembered that each vessel engaged was an ironclad. Early on the following morning I mounted the parapet of Sumter, joining Colonel Rhett and General Ripley, who were already observing the motions of the enemy's fleet; a movement is re-

The War in America: The Federals Shelling the City of Charleston—Shells Bursting in the Streets—From a Sketch by Frank Vizetelly in the Illustrated London News

ported, and the drums beat to quarters. There could be no doubt of the spirit of the men: with deafening cheers they rushed to the batteries, and in three minutes the fort was prepared to deliver a fire from over sixty guns. But the alarm was a false one. A solitary tugboat alone left her position and steamed towards the "Keokuk". In a few minutes she is alongside the latter vessel and transfers the crew to her decks. "What can be the meaning of that?" cries every one, but the meaning is soon explained, for, as the tugboat leaves, the "Keokuk" rolls heavily, and with a deep plunge forwards goes to the bottom. On the twelfth, five days after the fight, the Federal troops that had been landed on Coles' Island were reimbarked, and the famed armada that was to have left Charleston in ashes took its departure under a taunting salute from Fort Sumter. Thus ended the first chapter of the siege.

The three months' quiet that Charleston was now allowed to enjoy I spent in Mississippi with the army of General Johnston; but at the first intimation of the renewal of the attack on the "cradle of the Rebellion" I hastened to my old quarters in the "City by the Sea". After five days and five nights of incessant railroad travelling I was fortunate enough to reach my destination in time to witness the famous assault, by land and sea, on Battery Wagner (Morris Island), which took place on July 18th. The plan adopted by the Federals on this, their second attempt, was somewhat different from that pursued in April, inasmuch as their preparations by land were on a much more extensive scale. Under cover of some batteries that had been thrown up cautiously and expeditiously on Folly Island, a large force crossed Lighthouse Inlet, and effected a lodgment on the southern extremity of Morris Island, after a spirited contest with the small detachment of Confede-

rates who held this outpost. The latter then fell back to the protection of their mainwork, annoyed the whole way by a heavy enfilading fire from the Northern fleet. General Gilmore, who commanded the United States troops, advanced to within a mile of Battery Wagner, and soon had himself entrenched, with guns in position. Now, as Morris Island is extremely narrow, and its sea-front was completely commanded by the enemy's fleet, to have attempted to storm General Gilmore's lines would have been sheer folly; he ought never to have been allowed to establish himself, and this might have been prevented by erecting suitable works on the southern extremity of the Spit. Of course the Federal commander did not remain idle. Hour by hour he pushed his saps nearer and nearer to Battery Wagner, till he had his sharpshooters within easy range of the Southern artillerymen as they worked their pieces, and close upon the rifle-pits in advance of the fort. His object was evidently to reduce the two batteries on Morris Island—Battery Wagner and Cumming's Point—and then he would be enabled from the latter position to open on Sumter with mortars and heavy siege-guns.

At daylight on the morning of July 18th, Charleston was awakened from its slumbers by a rapid succession of deafening reports that shook every window in the place, and brought people tumbling from their beds in a state of anxious bewilderment. Hastily dressing, I made at once for General Ripley's headquarters, and there beheld an explanation of the racket. Ranged up within a thousand yards of Battery Wagner was the entire ironclad fleet,

The War in America: The Fight for the Rifle Pits in Front of Battery Wagner—From a Sketch by Frank Vizetelly in the Illustrated London News

raining their enormous projectiles into the sandwork, while on the land side the Federals maintained from their two-hundred-pounder parrots an exceedingly heavy cross-fire. Wagner gallantly replied with her limited battery, and Cumming's Point and Sumter also joined in whenever they could get the range of the nearer vessels. For fifteen hours was this formidable bombardment continued—upwards of thirty guns of the largest calibre arrayed against a small sand fort, mounting only two ten-inch Columbiads on the sea face, and a half-dozen smaller pieces on the land front. The garrison, fifteen hundred men, were forced to crowd themselves into bomb-proofs, constructed originally for the accommodation of half that number. Let the reader conceive what must have been their sufferings, cooped up in narrow and ill-ventilated burrows, where the thermometer ranged from a hundred and five to a hundred and ten. Many sank from exhaustion, and were dragged out to the parade-ground to meet with another death from the shot and shell that ploughed up its surface. Of water there was no supply within the fort, and the canteens of the soldiers were soon drained. Squad after squad was sent to the only well in the neighborhood, but the fire was so hot and incessant that few returned from their errand.

(*To be continued.*)

BETWEEN

Between the far-off line of hills and me
A veil is stretched, of lacy, grayish mist,
Obscuring e'en their outlines, though sun-kissed
The intervening space I clearly see;
The while I gaze the curtain seems to be
Uprolled by hand unseen, and the hill-crest
Starts forth, in radiant purple halo dressed,
The grandeur of each feature showing free:
So 'twixt our vision and life's purpose fair
Oft shadows gray and clouds of doubt are hung;
'Til, by and by, the Hand omnipotent
Rolls back the dimming, marring medium there,
And clear before our eyes Love's glass is swung,
And we perceive for what our life was meant.

—*H. L. Messenger.*

RASTUS ON HA'NTS

By Bennett Carroll

DOES I bleeve in ha'nts? Wal, I doan recon I'se done lost what little sense I'se borned wid, an' I'd hatter do dat 'fore I git ter not bleeve in 'em, atter all I'se seed an hurd.

Course, I knows dat some folkses is des natchelly so skeery dat dey take ebry soun' dey hears atter dark for er ha'nt; an', den ergin, I'se knowed some on 'em ter git mighty nigh skeered ter deth on 'counter sumpen dat dey common sense would lead 'em ter bleeve was er ha'nt, when, in trufe, dey ain't been no ha'nt in er mile o' whar dey's at.

Dat erminds me o' dat "Smart Alek", "Perfesser Jim Lawson"; dat's what he call hisself, do he neber got dis nigger ter perfesser 'im. No, sur! He ain't no mor'n er shade lighter'n I is, an' I know I ain' no perfesser.

Wal', anyhow, he come from somewhars up in Georgy; 'tended lack he been froo Atlanter, do he ain' neber proved dat ter my min'!

He 'us allus gittin' off 'is big talk 'bout dey ain' no sich things as ha'nts, an' say dey ain' no use in totin' de lef' hine-foot o'er graveyard rabbit, an' dey want no sign in er squinch-owl hollerin' in yer yard, an' all sich fool talk es dat.

He cut quite er shine 'mong de ladies, an' 'twan't long fore some o' de younger niggers 'gin ter pattern atter 'im. Him an' Ike Johnson got ter be thick as hops, an' it w'd make yer laff ter see Ike git in er crowd o' ladies, an' squa'e back 'is shoulders, dis er way, an' 'low dat he's done ready fer any ha'nt dat's mine ter git in 'is way.

Wal, him an' Jim come erlong one night 'bout de time de fust fros' fell, ter git me an' mer dawg ter go 'possum-huntin' wid 'em.

Hit seem lack luck was ergin us dat night: didn' none o' de dawgs take er scent twell long clost ter midnight, when all at onct ole "Ring" he started up de music, an' hit wa'n't mighty long 'fore dey had treed one o' de fattes' 'possums yer eber stuck teef in; an' us hadn' mor'n got 'im out'n de hollow 'fore de dawgs was off on er new scent, an' dis time dey treed right off de big road, er little piece not fur from de bridge, whar ole man Smith was kilt erbout seben years ago, when 'is hoss run erway.

Wal, sur; when us got out in de road, dar stood sumpen out dar in de bushes, 'bout fifty ya'ds off from whar us was at, lookin' es much lack er ha'nt es anythin' yer eber seed: seemed ter be wropped all 'roun' wid er white sheet, er som'pen.

Us all seed hit erbout de same time, an', gennermen, yer jist ought ter seed dem nigger's eyes. Dey looked lack dey gwinter pop out er dey haid. I felt kinder quare merself, but den, I want ter say, *real* skeerd, kase I am neber 'fraid ter trus' des laigs o' mine ef yer gimme er clar road an' es much start as I had den; so I just meck lack I ain' skeerd er bit.

" 'Tain' nothin'," sez I, "but dem dar Grant boys, wid er sheet ober one on 'ems haid tryin' ter skeer me, kase dey know I'se skeerd o' ha'nts. I heerd 'em plottin' hit up de odder day. I betcher dey been followin' us eber sence us sot out." I hadn't heerd no sich thing, but I 'lowed ter merself dat 'ud be er good chanct ter fin' out whether hit was er ha'nt er no.

Wal, sur, dey swallowed de bait jist es easy, an' yer could see 'im jist fairly bristle up wid braveness atter dey got hit inter dey haid dat hit want no sho nuff ha'nt, an' dey bofe meck lack dey jist wild ter git in er confab wid hit.

I tole 'em I'd stay der an' take keer o' de 'possum; den dey bofe

'low, "Jist come erlong ef yer wanter, I recon us is able ter pertect yer"; but I 'lowed I'd jist es lief stay whar I is, so Jim an' Ike struck out ter whar de thing was standin'.

When dey got nearly dar, Jim he stuck out 'is chist en 'lowed, "Howdy, Mr. Ha'nt". But de thing neber moved. "Ef yer don't speak, I learn yer some perliteness," put in Ike. But still dey ain' no soun'. Den Jim he picked up er rock an' throwed hit, an' hit hadn' no mor'n tetched hit 'fore de thing jist vanished out er sight, right dar 'fore dey eyes. Gennerman, yer jist ought ter seed dem niggers run. Man! dey fairly flew!

I thought I could run *some*, but, bless yer life, dey passed me 'fore yer could say "Jack Robinson", an' dey didn' let up twell dey hit de quarter. Dem was sho two skeerd niggers, I tell yer, an', atter dat, dey lay low in de grass, 'bout dey ain' skeerd o' ha'nts, when dis nigger was roun'.

Did I eber see hit ergin? Wal, Ise jist comin' ter dat now.

Twa'n't mor'n er dey or two atter dat 'fore Mars John he tuck hit in 'is haid ter go ober 'cross de creek, ter ole Mr. Billy Morton's, an' git dem new kind o' cotton seeds what he promised ter let 'im have.

Mr. Morton he lived er good ten miles from here, an' us got er kinder late start atter dinner; an' den, too, hit 'us 'bout de time Mars John an' Miss Mattie was courtin' each odder; an' he fooled erroun', talkin' ter 'er, an' runnin' on 'bout dis thing an' dat, twell hit 'us mighty nigh dark 'fore us sot out for home.

Us dribe erlong fer er considerable spell 'thought either o' us sayin' anything.

De moon had riz, an' Mars John was er layin' back ergin de cotton seeds, kinder lazy lack, an' whistlin' er sof' knder chune, lack he uster do when he's thinkin' 'bout Miss Mattie.

B'm by, I peartened up de mules er little, an' 'low, "Mars John, is yer eber seed er ha'nt?"

Den he stop whistlin', an' laff, an' 'low he dunno as he is eber seed any kind o' ha'nt, an' wanter know how cum I ax dat question. Den I put in an' tole 'im all erbout what me an' Ike seed.

Mars John he laff lack he gwinter split 'is sides, an' 'low us needn' be skeerd, kase er ha'nt w'd sho turn us loose soon as he got er good look at us, ef one eber kotch us.

En durin' dat time, us had driv ercrost de bridge, an' I started ter pint out de place whar we seed de thing, when, bless yer life, dar hit stood ergin, jist as plain es daylight.

Mars John he gin hit one soun' look, an' 'low he gwinter see what dat thing is.

"Mars John," sez I, "I 'clar' ter goodness if yer git out'n dis wagin I'se gwinter turn dese here mules loose, and run." But fore I got de words out'n mer mowf, he done lipt ober de wheel, an' tore out towarge hit. I was dat skeerd dat I couldn' move, an' 'fore I could git limber ernuff ter jump, Mars John he done got der, an' struck er match, an' de nex' thing he 'gin er laff: jist fairly lay down an' rolled, he 'us so tickled.

Yer see, hit wa'n't no ha'nt atter all, but jist one o' dem ole 'simmon bushes what de webworms had done wropped up from top ter bottom wid dey web, an' de jew had done settled on hit, an' dat's how come hit ter look white in de moonshine, an' dat's de reason hit vanish out'n sight so quick when Jim hit it wid dat rock.

Mars John ain' done laffin' at us niggers 'bout dat ha'nt yit. Dat's how come I sez dat some times er pusson'll git mighty skeerd when de place ain' eben smelt er ha'nt; but den, dat ain' sayin' dar ain' no sich things es ha'nts. No, sur; not by er jug full.

PAMELA'S PRIDE

By Charlotte Cornish

FROM the chill of the late October dusk Thorn led his somber-eyed companion into the fire-lighted room where a table was laid invitingly, explaining:

"We couldn't let the late hours pass without a thought to 'auld lang syne', but should break bread together once more before you—go away—to make a new home so far from old Deerfield. It can't be a joyous banqueting, I know; not what your beloved father's presence would have made it, but such as it may be—a sort of tea-party, perhaps, like those of little girl days when there were only we two. Do you remember the first one, with the dolls' pewter dishes on a tiny table under the lilac bushes by the gate? Like a lady of high degree you sat enthroned there, dressed in a gorgeously trailing skirt and many dangling beads, entertaining a solitary doll visitor—when I happened along. I shall never forget how you called: 'Oh! big boy-man, please come and make it a truly party.' To-night it is you who must make it a 'truly' party."

Pamela only lifted tear-filled eyes, mutely questioning.

"Aunt Sabrina's gone to evening meeting—had a call to make first," explained Thorn as though in answer to an uttered interrogation. He did not proffer the further information that his worthy house-keeping relative's unusually early departure for weekly praise service had been brought about by his own clumsily artful contriving. As Pamela sank into the seat at table, he vanished kitchenward, but speedily returned bearing aloft a steaming teapot whose disposal among the table things he effected with exceeding celerity.

"Gee crickety, it blisters!"

"Where's the holder?" The guest laid a hand tentatively upon the teapot. "Why, Kedar, it's not hot at all," she murmured with a shadowy smile.

"Hm-m," observed the man, nursing an imaginary thumb-scorch, "after such effort as it took securing the proper delicacies for a memorial tea—cream puffs! How you used to bespangle your little red face with the white filling—in those days of the dolls and tea-sets! And you've always kept a fondness for 'em, same as I have for cake since you astonished us all with your first baking. Guess you'll have to send a loaf by mail, once in a while," murmuringly, with humorous conceit, "after you get to that new home in the prairie country, or I shall pine and fade away—"

"Kedar!—stop." The hand extending a fragrantly steaming teacup joggled so that the offering had to be deposited halfway. "Never say that again;" dolefully the tone rang, but with alluringly wilful cadance: "'home is where the heart is,' and mine will always be in old Deerfield; new homes only make a misery of home-sickness."

Thorn's frank gray eyes, magnetic indicators of a manly, governing soul, leveled compassionately upon the softly curved, feminine complainer opposite as penitently he pleaded:

"Forgive me, girl; the spirit may be scorched to bitterness by its own fires. Your father's going was a sharp wrench, and now—I must lose you. It seemed there might be some other way."

"John is my brother, and the old home too big for one alone." The woman's voice gained a sudden buoyancy as the bright assumption of humor faded from the man's strong features. "I am doing what father would have wished."

"I—your father—we thought—" Words tangled as Thorn sought expression of thoughts that evidently shaped with difficulty. In unhappy confusion of his faculties, he fell back for moral support upon his duties as host, earnestly soliciting: "Have a roll?"

"No, thank you. I always prefer Aunt Briny's sour milk bread; but I'll take some plum-jam, please. I expect I'll never taste any preserves like hers again."

"I could send you a box of them another winter," offered her hearer with the readiness of a Perseus for the emergencies of maidenkind; "or, maybe, I can contrive a trip there to take you some of the garden truck—and the flowers that haven't blossomed yet."

A laugh, faint but mocking, was the immediate consequence of this super-excellent contriving.

"Kedar Thorn, are you crazy? Do you think anybody could go a thousand miles just to carry such things? You'd better talk sense, and not put ideas in my head that will make me dream of the impossible. I'm not dreadfully hungry to-night." The petulance permeating these disjointed utterances conveyed the idea of difficulty in the young woman's framing of her own desires. "There's the church bell; is it so late?" The guest's eyes roved to the window which was left unshaded: plainly she was only toying with her food. "How lovely the lights look from here! What a dear little house this is!" The exclamation breathed raptuous approval.

"If it's a success, Pamela, the thanks are due to you. You should know better than I, since always you have been the little manager for your father and me. Haven't I bought everything—hats, and house, and gimcracks all these years—just to conform to your ideas of fitness?"

"And a woman's fitness comes by fits," mused the hearer inconsequentially. "I didn't do much," disclaiming credit; "I was too afraid that if you married, the new Mrs. Kedar might not like the new friend's notions of nest-making."

"There was no Mrs. Thorn in prospective to be pleased or displeased," came a quick, stern declaration. "If you aren't hungry, Pamela, let's sit by the fire." The suggestion betrayed a sudden absence of interest in culinary offerings.

"Ah! but there may be some day," persisted the woman, innocently; "you're not a born old bachelor, Kedar?" She had slipped from her chair to the ingle-nook, where she piled the cushions and curled herself for rest, with her head lightly denting a bright mound of silk and worsted.

Thorn sank into a chair by the fire, wistfully regarding her. "Teaze away, Miss Simpleton; I'm used to it. As your dear father used to say, 'Pamela is a madcap with a good governing heart.' How many pranks have you played on us both, in the years that have flown? But the hardest, I am minded, was the time you let us think you enamoured of that dashing scion of the house of Crutherford, who summered here one season when you had begun 'doing up' your baby curls. Whew! but you kept us on tenter-hooks, and sizzling with the thermometer that August." A flying missile of a handkerchief, tightly wadded, in contact with the talker's well-shaped nose, caused a sudden cessation of reminiscences.

"I'd like to see the man that could charm me!" scoffed the hearer, explosively. "Mr. Donkey, won't you be entertaining, the last evening we have together? Choose a less tedious subject for your descant, please"—with mock rudeness, stifling a yawn.

The moment the man delayed, in apparently bland consideration of neighborly suggestion, before returning the knotted kerchief with careless, but certain, masculine aim.

"I might talk about myself a spell, for variety," he meditated, humorously. "You never guessed to what straits your capers reduced us that summer, or knew that at one time

your father was driven to the expedient of running me as rival suitor."

The bright head resting against the pillows came suddenly upright in a pose of startled rigidity; an instant the violet eyes leveled in a wide gaze upon the man amiably ruminating by the fire, then dropped with stony stare to a log that had fallen from place and separated into a mass of blackened ash. Thorn smiled mirthlessly upon his hearthmate, whimsically opining:

"You'd have had something to entertain you gayly that season had not my sober reasoning prevailed. I was able, fortunately, to convince your father how highly fantastical and futile the sheme was by reminding him of the years that lay between us and the unromantic progress of our acquaintance, so saving us all from a harlinquade, for what was I to mate with one the gods had favored? You were the offshoot of genius, while I, an orphan reared by burdened relatives, one who owed to your father all the finer things of life that come with mental uplift under proper guidance. I was too humble of attainments to repay him with mean advantage."

"Advantage?" The echoing question formed haltingly as the listener's eyes lifted, then dropped evasively.

"Am I entertaining now?" queried the man, pleasantly.

"You would be, Kedar, if you'd get off that stupid theme of a gosling you confused with godling," responded the girl, wearily. "You're too good to put it so, but I was such a veritable goose in those days that worth would not have appealed to either my head or heart. Why I even was so callow, then, I intended marrying some day just to trail a shimmery lace gown up a long church aisle, and to be addressed as 'Madam'. But, life at stake, marriage is such a cold plunge! such an utter recklessness on the part of two persons—I don't wonder calm sanity withheld you."

"You have forgotten," said Thorn, quietly, "that there was not a shadow of hope that the lady would say me aught but 'Nay'."

A quick, hard pressure of the knotted handkerchief against scarlet, tightly meeting lips followed this reminder, smothering an inarticulate murmur.

"I forgot that woman is perfectly transparent! But, apparently, Kedar, you ran, like all of your sex, when it was suggested that you pay court to the wrong lady—for then there was the danger of my yielding to romance and the aforesaid yearnings for tail dresses."

"Romance," repeated Thorn, dully; "there could be none in the devotion of one who had been a revolving satellite for twenty years. You knew I'd always loved you, child."

With the energy of passionate protest, Pamela whirled upon her dazed companion:

"I wish, Kedar Thorn, you'd remember that I'm grown up now, if once, in the days of our early acquaintance, I wasn't. I know the feat may be difficult for one who, by his own system of computation, has reached a dotage quite overshadowing Methuselah, but I must remind you that thirty-seven is not the greatest age to which, by common measurement of time, man has attained in this sublunary pilgrimage. I have worn long dresses so often now as to be quite unaffected by the privilege." With impressive parade of majestic bearing, the annoyed young woman crossed to the window-seat where she gave herself to soothing contemplation of the sanctuary lights. "How gloriously they sing," she murmured softly, as though the mood of the instant was an evanescent irritation.

With obtuse persistency, Thorn droned on: "I was no youthful Croesus to dazzle—" but was cut short by an interjected absurdity of feminine contradiction.

"Any man can propose to a woman he knows is consecrated to spinsterhood, but there is love needs labeling, as 'neighborly', 'fraternal',

'platonic' or whatever the kind may be." The speaker's tones intimated wearying distraction from interests outside the cosy, tasteful living room.

"That's your peculiar viewpoint, I'm afraid," answered the hearer, stupidly; "one needs hope to brave surgical processes. If courage could avail, I'd summon it to bring a sweetheart to my lonely home, something dearer to my empty arms. It's only that—"

"I know a woman who would take you in a twinkling," interrupted the night-gazer inconsiderately; "it's no use crying your lorn condition to me, for I could, in fact, name several spinsters who would jump at the chance to fall into your home and arms," with strained patience and eyes fixedly afar of vision. "One who has often praised you in my hearing is really a beauty with that Titian hair the artists rave over, and eyes with matching lights," murmuringly; "like a good friend I'll whisper her name, if you do not guess it, so that you need not stay lonely, always—after I am gone."

With sudden vehemence of masculine resistance, Thorn drew himself erect, his hands hard clasping the arms of his high-backed chair. "You will not name her!" The refusal of proffered services rang coldly and with strength. "There is only one woman who could be my wife, and if I cannot possess her I can, at least, continue through life in my own hobbling way, alone. Your father—and I—looked for that which has not happened—your establishment in a home where you would be sheltered from life's rough winds; I know that it was a burden on his fond heart in those bravely borne last days that no lover won your serious regard. But you are young, and it may be that it was foreordained that somewhere beyond the confines of this peaceful settlement you should find your mate; that—"

"Far from the scene of my infantile escapades and misdeeds my dream-knight will be waiting. Oh! Kedar—really? I can see him now, in my mind's eye, with dark blue eyes and red-gold hair," gurgled the rhapsodist a bit wildly, as she leaned, luminous-eyed, toward the village choir sending a pæan to the Most High across the intervening night-void with an exultation of melodious fervor to draw celestial benediction and hush the notes of chanting seraphim.

With a circling motion as of a bird floating to earth on soft wings, the girl descended upon a footstool and sank at the feet of her companion, announcing succinctly:

"I'm going to tell you a story. You needn't fidgit or squirm about, for nothing will stop me, and only by holding your ears can you escape the consequences of your lordly deportment." With hands lightly clasping a knee, Pamela lifted a white face from which dusk-lashed eyes gazed with a strange brilliance as droningly she began: "Once upon a time there was a little girl—it starts stupidly, I know, but you'd better listen; the girl may become a queen, or something, ur-r, a little girl whose mother died and left her to grow to womanhood as sole comforter of a broken-hearted father—for the brother was older and already gone from the home. In the quiet hill town which the grieving man, like a wrecked voyager, sought as a haven offering rest and solitude, the girl romped soberly and in loneliness some weary weeks until, one heaven-sent day, there chanced a youth at the gateway of her father's house. Thereafter the little girl was no more lonely or companionless, for always was the new friend ready to doctor her doll or pony; to fix her saddle or mend her skates; to carry her to school on stormy days; to help with her lessons or to bestow all the devotion of a big brother. And so time passed until the girl had grown to womanhood, a spoiled and pampered, unimportant person, who felt only a sense of selfish proprietorship toward the man—her father's loved

pupil—who in the years had won his place in the world as doer and thinker, until began falling such parental tributes to his worth as: 'A man in a thousand', 'one to make a woman's happiness', 'such a man as I hope you will choose', always, to the end of counseling, with fervor unabating. On unheeding ears the praises fell, however, until one amazing hour a friend roused the unimportant young woman from emotional coma by confiding the deep and secret hope of her heart, which was that she should be the thousandth man's chosen mate. For a moment such pain and fury seized the hearer she could have bruised and torn the confider with her nails, for above all she marveled that anyone should have the temerity to covet what was hers—hers—only hers!"

With a nervous laugh, Pamela raised her eyes an instant affrightedly to Thorn, who again held his chair rounds in a hard, close grasp.

"It was then that I resolved that all the others—the beaus, the would-be lovers—might go forever; that I would marry you so that no other woman would dare to turn her eyes in your direction. But however good and tractable I became, however demure and well behaved, you never asked me—that; you didn't want such a silly creature for a wife. And then a new purpose thrilled my being: like a gorgon I would guard you from the others, but if the chance came to be Mrs. Thorn, I'd not accept; I'd tell you it was too late, and let yours complete my list of Deerfield conquests—to look back upon, dreamingly and with sighs, when I was a faded, wizzled up old lady. But you've remained unscalped, Kedar, and my tomahawk is rusted."

Flutteringly, the story-teller moved to rise, but was kept in her place by strong hands upon her shoulders, while the man listening, as one arousing from a stupor, entreated:

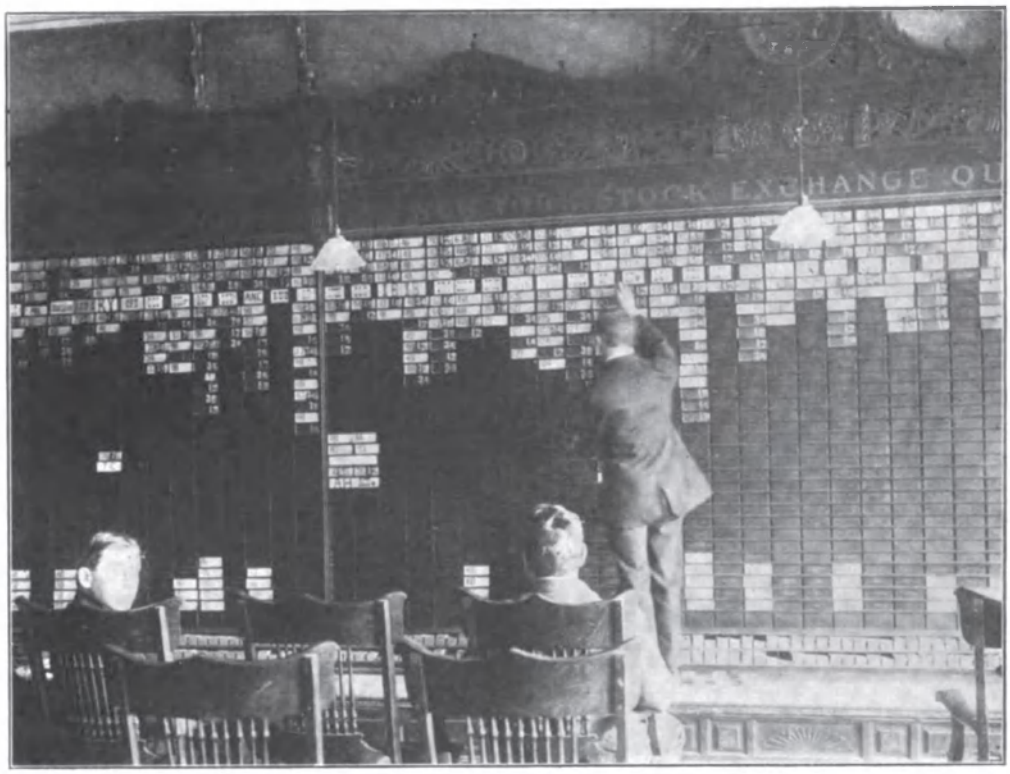
"Little woman, the blunders of the past cannot be blotted out, but to-night one misunderstanding shall be righted. I have loved you since the day of the first tea-party, but for years as a man loves the one woman he wants always with him. I did not dream that you had ever cared, but to-night I ask you to marry me knowing what my answer is to be. To-morrow you may start your journey with the old friend's name completing the record of lovers rejected, for it wasn't vanity, but hopelessness, that kept me always silent."

As Thorn's avowal fell dully, Pamela wrigged from his grasp, springing to her feet, where she swayed a moment as though in mental giddiness. In her voice was a mingled laugh and sob as with foolishly wagging head she answered:

"But I don't want to go anywhere —I've changed my mind. I couldn't bear it if you should marry anybody else."

One breathless moment her hearer wasted in rousing from his stupefaction, then, with a celerity the youngest man could not have exceeded, cleared the separating space to gather his own into his arms, as with sudden, new diplomacy he lustily asseverated:

"I surely never shall—if you will have me."



A BUCKET SHOP

WHEN THE WIRES WERE WORKING GOOD

By C. V. Tevis

With the action of the Federal Grand Jury in returning indictments against the Western Union Telegraph Company and other corporations alleged to be furnishing wires and the means of operation of the Bucket Shop Syndicate all over the United States, the first movement toward the wholesale elimination of this business has been begun. Four of the five companies, which have recently controlled the greater part of the bucket shopping, have been surpressed or under indictment. The fifth is still active—a remnant of an organization of more than 1,000 officers which, for twenty-five years, has been fattening on the small speculator to the amount of almost $100,000,000 a year.

In many court actions in different parts of the country it has been proved that the bucket shop keeper is but a clever modern Captain Kidd. Under the guise of legitimate brokerage business, surrounding himself with every pretention to high class connections, sparing no expense in enticing the credulous into his net, he has gone into even the by-ways of

commerce. From Boston to the seat of a remote county in Kansas his wires have been laid.

The man who is quoted in the following was, until two years ago, one of the largest bucket shop syndicate proprietors in the country. He made his million and quit. In his characteristic interview he makes no excuses for any part he has played in the greatest of swindling games. It is more with a frank self-congratulation for being "wise" enough to "get out from under" when he did that he explains some of the wheels within wheels of the bucket shop business.

WHEN you choke a calf it dies, doesn't it? Well, when you cut out the wires, what's left of a bucket shop? Not even a bawl—same as the calf.

The syndicate shops are doing little or no business now. There's a big storm in the offing. I saw it coming a long time ago and I retired. When it rains some of us get in out of the wet. That's what I did. The only ticker I listen to nowadays is a clock about meal time. But it was a great game. When they stop the wires—if they do—it will be many years before its equal will be devised. It was the "fastest money" ever while it lasted. You would start a dollar out at 9 a. m. in the business and before 3 p. m. it would come back bringing enough great, great grandchildren to fill a safe. When we had 1,000 shops going all over the country we could afford to pay $60,000,000 a year for expenses. Then we had almost $40,000,000 velvet, and this was from a capital of nerve more than anything else.

Suckers are born 120 to the hour, at least. I've caught as many as 200, when the fishing was extra good. Some men are naturally suckers; some acquire gullibility. We educate the rest to bite. Some learn better after the first nibble. Some get a heartier appetite than ever. Some squeel when they're hooked. Some say, " 'Twas coming to me and I got it." We never paid a lot of attention to the different kinds. All we wanted was suckers, just ordinary suckers that can be found 'most anywhere.

I know that very well. I've sat at a big roll-top and counted cash, checks, notes and mortgages long enough nights to learn that fish even inhabit mud-puddles. That was about the hardest work I had to do, too—finding out how much money and what kind I had gathered in in a day. The "brokerage" system was simple. It almost worked by itself after it was started. Quick thinking was necessary sometimes, but I never had any trouble in that line, especially when I had a chance to "stall".

You might say that I inherited my business. "Ed", my partner, and I started out in life as telegraphers. I worked for the Onion (Western Union) and the Postal, and several newspapers from Chi (Chicago) to Mosquitoville (New Orleans). He'd been on an Eastern tack all this time, until we met in ——. There, it happened, we both went to work for "Johnny" Blank, who was right in the middle of building up the prettiest chain of bucket shops you ever dreamed of.

We helped him considerably. We both could "take" the fastest man on the main line, and as for "sending" we broke records. To make a long story shorter, that chain was finally completed and for several years "Johnny" did a wonderful business. Then he died, and the next morning "Ed" and I awoke to find that he'd left us the "gold mine".

The "Blank Company" was like the score of others then operating

A NEWS-GATHERING ROOM

all over the country. Our main office was in ——, and our wires ran into twenty-five sub-offices within a radius of two hundred miles. In the small cities Blank & Co., "Bankers and Brokers", was known as Blank & Co., "Commercial Agents", and in the county seat towns as Blank & Co., "Board of Trade". You see we had our hooks out for all sorts of suckers. "Johnny", who had been more or less of a pioneer, always said, "A good gambler never overlooks any bet." We didn't.

Our main office was a more or less elaborate affair, large rooms, expensive furnishings and all sorts of accommodations for patrons. We played to a pretty swell class of customers here, so we had to have the scene set properly. In our commercial agency offices we took some extra care, too, but the breeder of pigs and cattle and the raiser of wheat and corn who came to the county seat to do their trading cared more for action than comfort. A telegram splattered bulletin board answered the same purpose for them as a ticker. A blackboard, of course, was essential. To watch the changing of a figure, showing that you lose, is in a degree a recompense for not getting a run for your money. But it wasn't necessary to have a brass-barred window through which the farmers could hand over their deposit. "Jim", the agent, usually a man of their long acquaintance, had a wallet. That was good enough, if it was a large one.

We had direct private wires with our agencies and special arrangements for service at the county seat telegraph offices. At all hours of the day we were in close touch with every end of the business. An order from the remotest Board of Trade to buy $1,000 corn reached us almost in the time taken in telling, that is, if corn was not on the rise. Then we generally delayed the wire a bit.

By the time it reached us the $10 margin would be ours without further manipulation by virtue of a decline in the price.

We worked apparently just like any real brokerage house, supposedly making real purchase of stocks and bonds upon real margins of ten per cent cash securities.

That is what I would have done in business, had I been a member of a regular exchange, etc. As it was, I did nothing of the sort. I did not buy or sell or transfer real commodities. I simply made a "book" on the market—with every odd in my favor—and eventually pocketed your $100 deposit and whatever additional margins you cared to put up. Easy money. And you wouldn't have known the difference, probably would have come back to me for another flyer in the market.

If the bucket shop keeper did a commission business entirely he could not afford to pay sixty per cent of the volume of his purchases and sales for expenses. He wouldn't make anywhere near that amount himself. Therefore we had "the inside room".

Customers never came into this apartment; a great many never knew that there was other than the outside office to the concern. When the rattle of telegraph instruments perculated to their ears they never asked the reason why for so much more or less secretive activity. An organization like ours purported to be was thought to have a lengthy staff of correspondents and our customers took it for granted that such was the business in the "sanctum". It was—part of it at least.

Let me describe that room. A long table was in the center, covered with little telegraphic receiving towers, sending instruments and typewriters. There sat a corps of expert telegraphers. The fingers of these men were in touch with every Commercial Agency and Board of Trade in our syndicate. They were receiving sales every minute, as fast as they were made; they were transmitting orders to agents and private correspondents; they were getting and giving market information from practically all the known sources and a lot of unknown ones.

On one side of the room was a long blackboard, similar to that in the outer public office. But more than the ticker quotations were written upon it. There was a supplementary list—the quotations of the office sales and purchases—aligned with the Wall Street records, according to stock and amount of sale. The men at work upon this board were accurate and fast. At any miunte I could see just how much business I was doing in any commodity, could see where I was "long" and where I was "short" in my orders, and, after a visit to another table on the opposite side of the room, could tell whether I was winning or losing and how much.

This second table is the bucket shop's Exchange. Here, with a scratch of a pen, sales are made and go on record. You ordered, buy $10,000 XZ, believing the market to be on the rise; a customer in some city 100 miles away ordered sell $10,000 XZ. The young ladies at this table play casino with the orders. They make a book with your order and the one to sell XZ. Then they advise the two offices where the commissions were taken that the orders are filled. You get back the slip you made out with an O. K. mark on it. So does the other fellow.

June 23, 1910.

BLANK & CO.

BUY for my account, subject to the stipulations on the reverse side which are part of our agreement, $10,000 XZ

(Signed) Samuel Smith.

Filled—O. W. R.

The initials (of the young lady casino player) are your guarantee that you now have what you ordered. The man whose slip reads "Sell" instead of "Buy" has the same satisfaction. It is not known

that you bought (on paper) what he sold. If the market rises he loses, if it falls he wins. I make in either case. If I care to, and I generally do, if you or the seller are not worth playing for bigger stakes, I pocket both $1,000 deposits and commissions by a little manipulation.

Suppose there is a strong buying trend—and we always preach buy, no matter what the state of the market may be—and my orders to buy certain popular stocks are away ahead of those I hold to sell. It's then a matter of "wash sales" for me in order to win. I do a little stock jobbing myself in, say, one of the Exchanges which are run for just such purposes. I force the market to where I can close out the "buys", then on the natural rise close out the "sells", furnishing a new bait for the large optimistic element at the same time. If we can get on the tape a quotation presuming to show that Amalgamated, if that is the stock, dropped from 106¾ to 106⅝, the work is done. It's a beautiful system.

The judges at a track order "First, No. 7; second, No. 13; third, No. 2", hung out after a race. The bookmaker with a card of six events has to cover quickly in all betting because there is no appeal from the judges' decision. He cannot hold a wire a minute and thus close out a play; he cannot stop a jockey in mid-race and influence him to use the whip or "pull" his mount; he cannot, in effect, be his own starter, jockey and judge—like the man behind the desk in the bucket shop.

TICKER IN A SALOON

It is in influencing play that the "shop keeper" wins to a great extent, too. Every line of the stock letter is intended to prejudice the reader for or against stocks which the experts dope out are set for decline or rise. Daily newspapers, so

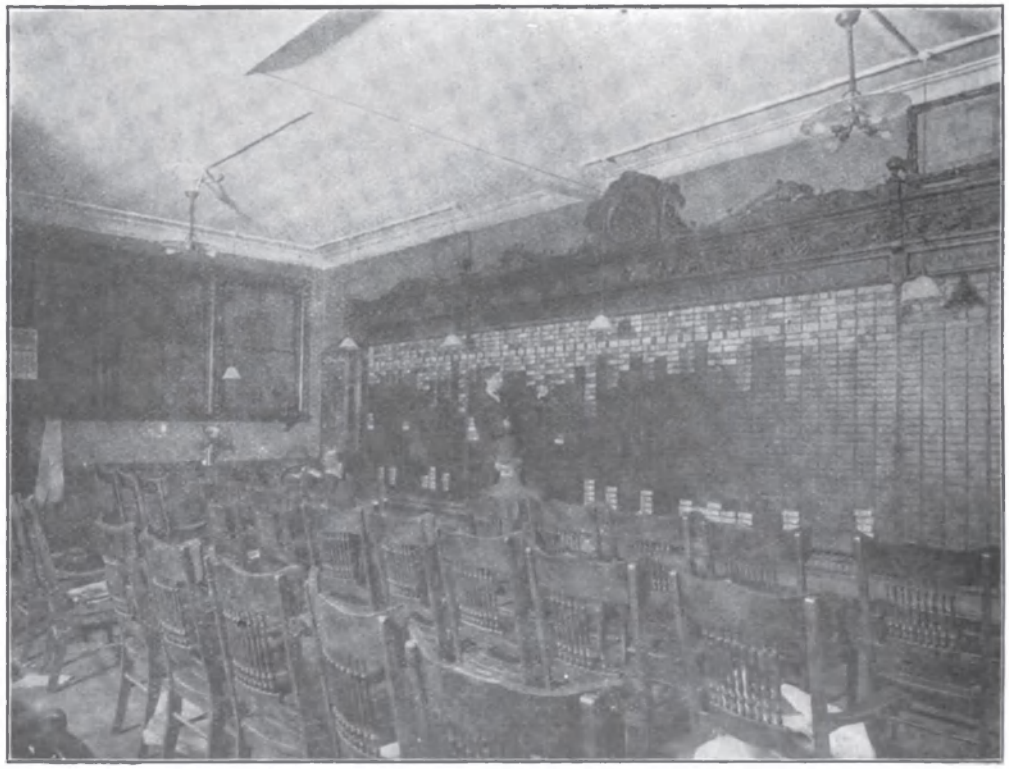
called, have been printed altogether for this purpose. Advertisements—my, what "getters" some of the boys can compose. And the personal letters! I used to be rather conservative in mine, all the time, however, appealing to the cupidity of the doctor, lawyer, or merchant, to whom I sent them. I started out: "There is nothing on earth you can make money in so fast as in the grain and cotton markets, where there is plenty of activity and big advances," go on to assure them that I "proposed to do all the trading", that I "had wide experience in conducting some of the largest grain operations and corners in St. Louis and Chicago", and wind up with this soft line: "We accept accounts from $20 to $1,000 or more."

Here is a sample case of a "sucker" the outside man brought in. I'll call him "Jones"—his case is typical.

He was a hard working, temperate man, was Jones. He held a position of small trust in a large mercantile establishment for many years. In that time he had managed to save $1,500. This was for the family when he no longer was there to provide he told me later.

It was a pitiful legacy, Jones felt. Yet he could not hope to earn a larger salary—he was getting well along in years—and it was impossible to lay by more than the regular small sum. Even that was difficult, for the needs of the family had grown with the children. It was probably this mental burden that first directed his attention toward my advertisement of Black and Company, "Bankers and Brokers".

The man finally succumbed to the temptation to risk a fraction of his bank account "in the market". The hazard was so great, everything considered, that even when he had arrived at a determination to dare Fortune it was with a hand that



IN THE CUSTOMERS' ROOM OF THE BANKERS AND BROKERS

shook that he drew $150 from his depository and started for our office.

"Certainly we will be glad to have your account," I assured him. "Small customers will become big ones, you know. Let me introduce Mr. X."

Mr. X quickly made it known that he was an "operator through brokers for customers", and that what he did not know about the market was hardly worth knowing. "Call on me any time," he magnanimously offered. Jones deposited his $150.

Aided by Mr. X, in the next few weeks, Jones made some fortunate deals. He put into play all of his $1,500 and ran it up to $2,500 on paper. How lucky he had been to see that advertisement! Then the slump came and the $2,500 went. Mr. X could not understand it. "One of those flurries, you know," he said, sapiently. "The office will probably take your mortgage note on your home to cover your margins. You're bound to win if you just hold on."

I took the note and the extra $2,000 went the way of the nest egg.

Then Mr. X went to him again.

"Don't worry about that note," he said. "Raise whatever you can in town on your property and we'll open a new account and clean up. The market's sure to go up."

Jones realized $1,500 this way, and under an assumed name, through Mr. X, began trading anew. Within six weeks that was gone. We had to give him a run for this last money.

Of course, Mr. X was my man—a good one, too, by the way. I don't mind telling of this case. It's a matter of court record anyway—that is, all but the inside I've explained. Jones sued us. We compromised out of court. Couldn't afford to have any sort of exposé, although we were always pretty well fixed for such a thing. We even had a fake clearing house, and on 'Change (The Stock Exchange) were allegedly represented by a certain brokerage firm. We'd send over every evening a sheet of our day's business with a check covering the amount of sales, etc., and the next morning one of this firm would quietly return the cash the check called for to us.

THE RETURN

I search the wide horizon line,
Lo, not a token, not a sign,
On all the wide expanse of brine!

Yet in my heart doth hope prevail,
Despite the wrack, despite the gale,
That some day I shall see a sail!

Then O the brimming ecstasy
That in my heart of hearts shall be
When Love—my ship—comes back to me!

—Clinton Scollard.

THE FLAME OF FREEDOM

"Liberty will not descend to a people: a people must raise themselves to liberty: it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed."—Colton.

This series of stories, based on historical fact, has, since March, 1908, depicted in chronological order the early days of Garibaldi, when, between 1836 and 1847, he was in exile in South America, and fought for the Republic of Rio Grande against the Empire of Brazil. This period of his eventful life, which embraced the wonderful achievements of his Italian Legion on the Uruguay, was undoubtedly the conception of the military genius that finally led to the establishment of a United Italy; and as the beginning of his life's great work in his Fatherland is now, month by month, being unrolled for your interest, there cannot be found a dissentient voice to question the fact contained in the foregoing statement.

Edited by Carol Wynne Mastermann

XLI—THE OPENING OF THE THIRD OF JUNE

BY this time, Oudinot had received, among other reinforcements, a large number of Paixhan 80-pounders, with which he swore to batter in an entrance for his troops, cost what it might. It was enough for him that Prince Louis Napoleon, the "lover of liberty", as well as of *coups d' etat*, deportations of patriots to Cayenne, and muzzlings of free speech, was on his side. England would not interfere. The Marquis of Lansdowne had said in his place in the House of Lords that the Ministry of the United Kingdom saw nothing whatever of which they disapproved in the siege of Rome by the French. So, now that they felt themselves alone in Europe, the Romans were doubly resolved to fight it out to the last.

Mezzocapo had in Roselli's absence been appointed to the command of the troops; but on news arriving that Bologna, after eight glorious days of resistance, had surrendered to the Austrians, a report gained credence in Rome that these old enemies of Italy were approaching to cooperate with the French—than which latter notice, however, nothing could have been more untrue. Naught would now satisfy the Romans but the recall of Garibaldi. On the Austrians menacing Ancona, Roselli had sent a body of 4,000 men to the defense of the Marches and the Legations; but ere he sent a second force with a like object, he wrote the following letter to the Duc de Reggio, General Oudinot:

"Citizen General.—It is my perfect conviction that the army of the Roman Republic will one day fight side by side with the army of the French Republic, to maintain the sacred rights of nationalities. This leads me to make you proposals which I trust you will accept. It is known to me that a treaty has been signed between the Government and the plenipotentiary of France, a treaty which has not received your approbation.

"I do not enter into the mysteries of politics, but I address myself to you in my quality of General-in-Chief of the Roman army. The Austrians are on march, and intend to concentrate their forces at Foligno; thence, with their right wing inclining towards the Tuscan territories, to advance by the valley of the Tiber, and effect a junction with the Nea-

politans by the Abruzzi. I cannot believe you would see such a plan carried out with indifference.

"I think it my duty to communicate to you my suppositions relative to the movements of the Austrians, particularly at a moment when your undecided attitude paralyzes our strength, and may assure success to the enemy. These reasons appear sufficiently powerful to lead me to demand of you an unlimited armistice, with a notification of fifteen days before the resumption of hostilities.

"I believe this armistice, General, necessary, for the safety of my country, and I demand it in the name of the honor of the army and of the French Republic.

"Should the Austrians present their heads of columns at Civita Castellana, it is upon the French army that history will throw the responsibility of having compelled us to divide our forces, at a moment when they were so valuable to us, and with having thus secured the progress of the enemies of France.

"I have the honor to request a prompt reply, General, begging you to accept the salutation of fraternity.

"Roselli."

Whereupon Oudinot having made up his mind not to ratify the articles already signed and guaranteed by M. de Lesseps, in which he was backed by Louis Napoleon, wrote the following curt rejoinder:

"General.—The orders of my Government are positive. They prescribe to me to enter Rome as soon as possible. I have denounced to the Roman authorities the verbal armistice, which, at the request of M. de Lesseps, I consented for a time to grant, and I have, in writing, sent word to my advanced posts that the two armies were at liberty to recommence hostilities.

"Only, in order to give our countrymen who would wish to leave Rome, and at the desire of M. the Chancellor of the French Embassy, the possibility of doing it with facility, I postpone the attack of the place until Monday morning.

"Receive, General, the assurance of my high consideration.

"The General-in-Chief of the Corps de l'Armee of the Mediterranean,

"Oudinot, Duc de Reggio."

Great was the indignation of M. de Lesseps when he found himself thus disregarded. He told General Oudinot that he—M. de Lesseps—was the sole judge of the extent of his powers; that he answered for the agreement he had concluded, however General Oudinot might venture to oppose it; and that he should at once go off to Paris to obtain its ratification. All hope of the siege being abandoned had now left the Romans. One day more, and the struggle would begin afresh; and whilst thoroughly appreciating the good faith of M. de Lesseps and the French nation generally, they saw that with Louis Napoleon for President, and Oudinot as a tool in his hands, the destruction of their liberties was intended.

About daybreak on Sunday morning, June 3rd, whilst Garibaldi was still in bed in his room in the Via Carozze, the Roman outposts at Villa Pamphili and Villa Corsini, trusting too implicitly to Oudinot's plighted word that the attack would not commence until the next day, and too regardless of the common usages of war, were sound asleep; and as the purple light flushed redly over the drowsy city, they woke with a start to find themselves surrounded by two battalions of the treacherous French, and, after a desperate resistance, were compelled to surrender.

If for nothing else but this, Oudinot's name deserves execration. It was a distinct violation of his agreement. He had promised, on his honor, not to attack the place itself; but in the meanwhile he seized the outposts which defended it!—a line of conduct worthy of his master, Louis Napoleon, who, after swearing to preserve the Republic of

France inviolate, bayoneted the people into submission to his will when the time came for him to resign power.

In this way, the French, at little loss, had got possession of a strong position, from which they could fire on the walls and the gate.

No sooner was Garibaldi aroused by the sound of battle than he leaped out of bed, called loudly to me in the next apartment, huddled on his clothes, and, sword in hand, ran down to the stable, where we saddled our horses in desperate haste and galloped off to the San Pancrazio Gate. Here we found that the Villa Pamphili, the Villa Corsini and the Villa Valentini were all taken; only the Vascello remained in the hands of the Romans; and directly they knew the worst, their artillery opened fire on the three former houses. Then the drums beat to arms, the bells rang out an angry tocsin, and the whole city awoke. By six o'clock, fighting had begun in earnest. Meanwhile, the Garibaldian Legion had made a vigorous sally on the French, who were straining every nerve to hold the important positions they had so unfairly gained, constantly supplying these posts with reinforcements, defending their flanks by artillery, and barricading all the adjacent roads.

Garibaldi saw that the Villa Corsini must be retaken at any price—not by bombardment from the walls, but by assault, sharp, quick and decisive; and with his usual promptitude, my leader urged his horse forward into the middle of the road, in spite of the entreaties of several people near him, who feared that his white poncho and plumed hat would draw a fire. But he heeded them not. "Come hither, friends!" he cried. "Viva Republica Romana!" In a moment, thrilled by that clarion voice, officers and soldiers seemed to rise out of the earth—the gallant Nino Bixio, his orderly; Baverio, who was suffering with an abscess, and whom Garibaldi thought he had left in bed in the Via Carozze; Marina, colonel of the Garibaldian lancers; and Sacchi and Marochetti, who had served with us in Montevideo.

"Come along, Bolognese, come along! Avante!" cried these officers to the wreck of the bersaglieri. Then leaving those standing around him, they rushed off at the head of the Italian Legion, shouting as they ran: "To the Villa Corsini in the name of God and of Liberty!"

The pace at which they went was astonishing, and the Zuaves of the French army must have marvelled to see a speed at the double greater than their own. The impetuous fellows on their way were joined by stragglers here and there; only as many of these fell out again before the Villa was reached, the advancing party could not resist the French. With a bitter curse, Marina drew back, but, luckily, at this juncture, men came up to join them; and the leaders swore now to take the Villa or die. Marina had been shot through the arm, but what cared he for that as he cried: "Forward!—to the Villa Corsini, all of you!—come on!"

Then the bugles sounded for the charge once more; and with a wild rush, the Villa was retaken—not without bloodshed: in a quarter of an hour, it was lost again. Nino Bixio was shot in the side, and poor Baverio was killed. Manara now came from Campo Verino to Garibaldi, who told him to bring out his men to retake "that paltry place". Manara's first company, under Ferrari, were outside the San Pancrazio Gate, acting as sharpshooters; and their colonel recalled and ordered them to fix bayonets and charge. They did so, with Ferrari at their head. The moment he got to the gate, a shower of balls whistled around him and his men. He cared not: his orders were to retake the Villa Corsini, and on he went without once looking back.

Just then he felt his sleeve pulled, and, on turning around, he heard his lieutenant, Maggiagalla, the

bravest of the brave, crying out: "Hullo! Captain—can't you see there are only two of us here now! The scoundrels have deserted us—see!"

It was too true: twenty-eight men of Ferrari's company were *hors de combat*, the rest had retreated. Manara was beside himself with rage, and he shouted to Captain Henry Dandolo, a Milanese of Venetian extraction, and descended from that Henry Dandolo, Doge of Venice, who at the siege of Constantinople, during the fourth crusade, when past eighty, commanded his men to run up to the walls, and was the first to leap ashore himself.

"Captain Dandolo, the Villa Corsini must be retaken! Garibaldi is looking at you! Lombards, forward!"

At the time Ferrari's men were deserting him, young Captain Henry Dandolo was sitting with his brother, Lieutenant Emilio Dandolo, the historian of the Italian volunteers, on a stone, sharing a piece of bread together. Directly he heard Manara's order, he started up, squeezed his brother's hand with a muttered "God bless you!" and, drawing his sword, was in an instant at the head of his company. The love of these two for each other was something beautiful to see: side by side they had faced danger, hardship and death daringly—delicately nurtured youths, accustomed to every luxury though they were—and now they were to part for ever.

Ferrari addressed Manara to the effect that he had, with due submission, a plan whereby success could be made tolerably certain. It was this—for he knew the locality well, and he had found his retreat more difficult than the advance had been—instead of following the garden path, and attacking in front, he proposed to crawl along, the first company on the right, Dandolo's on the left, behind the thick myrtle hedge. This done, a stone was to be thrown to Dandolo as a signal that all was ready: a stone thrown back by Dandolo would signify the same. Then their trumpets were to sound, and they were to rush to the assault.

"Do what you like!" said Garibaldi, calmly. "Only retake that paltry place!"

And here, with all due deference to my leader's military capacity, I must confess I cannot wholly acquit him of rashness in allowing so many valuable lives to be sacrificed in vain, as on that day was the case. But, with Garibaldi, dash was everything. In guerilla warfare he was without an equal, but as a general of division in a besieged city the French officers outfought him in many instances.

In the records he has left behind him, Emilio Dandolo puts the matter very fairly, though naturally he is disposed to be sore at his brother's unavailing loss. After the Italian Legion had been forced to retire within the Villa Vascello, six hundred well-drilled chivalrous Lombard rifle volunteers arrived, equally good as skirmishers or to act in columns of line. "If," he says, "Garibaldi, forming these troops into a column, with half a company of rifles in advance, had sent them forward to the attack on the Villa Corsini, the position would have been taken after a short contest. Once masters of that, we might have, with strong detachments, taken possession of the adjacent villas, fortified ourselves in them, and the night would have left us not only the honor but the advantage of that day's fighting."

Instead of this, Garibaldi chose to send on company after company unsupported—a plan bad at all times, under similar circumstances. But let me continue.

Ferrari and Captain Henry Dandolo started. Captain Hoffstetter and fifty students went afterwards to occupy a house on the left. In ten minutes' time, the blare of trumpets told Garibaldi that the charge was about to be made. As Ferrari predicted, the two companies had got as far as forty yards of the terrace unseen, when the bersaglieri sprang forward like tigers. But the

French no sooner heard the trumpets than from every window of the Villa blazed forth tongues of fire, and bullets fell like hail on the charging party.

At every step a man fell; and as he did so, his comrades in grim silence closed their ranks and rushed on, with young Dandolo at their head, exerting all his eloquence to cheer them. Suddenly, around a corner of the Villa, came out a French company, the officer of which made friendly signals; and, as soon as he got within hearing, called out in Italian: "*Siamo amici!*"—"We are friends!"

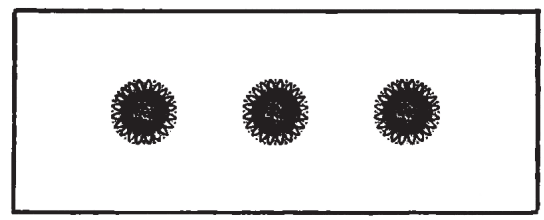
Dandolo's men had opened a vigorous fire, but, seeing the Frenchman's signal, he ordered them to cease firing, in the belief that, disgusted with French interference with Italian freedom, the officer was coming over to them. But, alas! when within thirty paces, the treacherous French halted and a rattling fire of musketry prostrated a third of Dandolo's company. He was the first shot—in the chest, and three officers at his side were equally unfortunate.

The survivors, save Morisini, who was killed later, retired. That officer, however, refused to leave his dying captain, and kept by his side in spite of the terrific shower of bullets around him. The bersaglieri now once more took heart of grace and blazed away anew, when two soldiers rushed forward and lifted poor young Dandolo from the ground. As they did so, he gave a heavy sigh, closed his eyes, moved his lips faintly in prayer—and then he was gone!

There was a burst of grief that night over this young man's death—so dearly was he loved by all. It nearly broke his brother's heart; and to show how much the two youths were esteemed, Garibaldi says in his Autobiography: "The grief of Lieutenant Emilio Dandolo affected the whole army."

Brave, religious, generous, handsome and accomplished, had Henry Dandolo lived he would have inscribed his name on history's roll. As it was, he perished in a mere affair of outposts, leaving his friends to memory-haunted regrets.

The next article describes in full detail the desperate fighting that ensued around and inside the Villa Corsini.



ART, LITERATURE AND DRAMA

By Edward Hale Brush

NEXT year will mark the 100th anniversary of the War of 1812 and as it will then be a century since there has been any kind of open warfare between Great Britain and the United States it is proposed in the celebration of the centenary to lay the emphasis on the fact of peace rather than the fact of war. That will certainly be a unique way of observing the centennial. Andrew Carnegie is much interested in the carrying out of such a program of commemoration and his zeal in the cause of international peace is too well known to require extended mention. On a certain Sunday in June a new hymn of peace, rejoicing in the bonds of sympathy now uniting England and the United States, was sung in many of the Episcopal Churches of this country. The words are by George Huntington, and as there has been some discussion as to their propriety, perhaps they may bear quoting here, as follows:

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
  One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name,
  We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
  Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion, cease,
  Come victories of peace;
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice,
  Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea and wide
'Twixt realm and realm its tide
  Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green,
With bonds of peace serene
  And friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
  Both east and west.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
  Blessing and blest.

It is the intention that these words should be sung to the same tune that we sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee", this air being the same, by the way, as that of the English national anthem. It was in 1832 that the late Rev. Dr. Samuel F. Smith wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee", and some of the words are perhaps not exactly appropriate to the circumstances of the nation to-day. But this is still more true in the case of "The Star Spangled Banner", which Francis Scott Key wrote in connection with the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British in 1814. Few song books contain all the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" as originally composed by Key, and many persons would be surprised at the bitter hostility to all things British which some of the lines express. Happily we have outlived such sentiments as a nation and when the school children of to-day sing the anthem these lines are wisely left out. They are in striking contrast to the words and sentiments of the hymn of peace by Mr. Huntington and afford an illustration of the changes in international feeling which a century has wrought.

It is an interesting coincidence that the words of our national hymn, "America", our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner", and our most popular song, "Home, Sweet Home", are all sung to airs composed by Englishmen. Key's poem was sung to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven", this air being composed by John Stafford Smith between 1770 and 1775. "Home, Sweet Home" was composed for an opera which John Howard Payne wrote, entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan". The music of the piece, including the air of "Home, Sweet Home", was composed by an Englishman, Sir Henry Bishop. England's national hymn or anthem, "God Save the King", which has the same air as "America", has, like the English constitution, been through a series of developments and can be traced back several centuries, but in its present form is generally ascribed to Henry Carey, who is supposed to have composed the music and written or adapted the words between 1735 and 1740.

A granddaughter of Key, Mrs. Rebecca T. Norwood, recently visited the National Capital. She is 84 years old and is known as the Hetty Green of Texarkana, Ark., her home. Her mission to Washington was to present to Francis Scott Key Smith, another of Key's descendants, the manuscripts of the poet's works, and it is proposed to preserve them in the Library of Congress.

The honors paid to William Winter recently when he celebrated his 75th birthday at his Staten Island home remind one of those halcyon days when dramatic criticism was more of an art or profession and less of a business or even trade than at present. Those were the days when the business office did not have quite so much to say about what should go into the dramatic columns. Mr. Winter is a poet as well as a critic, but Pegasus cannot fly very high when tied down by the requirements of the counting room. It is no secret that this was why Mr. Winter several years ago left the journal with which he had been so long connected. Another member of the old school of dramatic criticism was Franklin Fyles, who died in July. Mr. Winter's name is linked in memories of the stage with those of Junius B. Booth, Edwin Booth, James W. and Lester Wallack, W. J. Florence, E. L. Davenport, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, Henry Irving and others who in days gone by have formed a brilliant galaxy of dramatic talent. Dickens and Wilkie Collins were among his acquaintances, and he has written interestingly his reminiscences of these and other authors whose names are household words.

Mr. Winter has been before the public as a writer for almost sixty years. He was born in Gloucester, Mass., in 1836, and his first book of poems came from the press when he was nineteen. He established himself as a writer in New York in 1859 and for years was prominent in the literary Bohemia of the Metropolis. His verse possesses exceptional grace and fancy, and there is a strong poetic flavor about much of his prose. He is now at work preparing a volume to be entitled "Shakespeare on the Stage". Among his best known writings are "Other Days", "Old Friends", "Shakespeare's England", "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield", "Over the Border", and "Gray Days and Gold".

The late John Quincy Adams Ward was regarded as the dean of American sculptors and the late Lars G. Sellsted of Buffalo was perhaps the eldest American painter of national repute. He celebrated his 92nd birthday the latter part of April and died in June. He was of Scandinavian birth and came to this country as a lad, and for some years followed the sea like his Viking ancestors. As a painter he gained his greatest repute as a portrait artist, and among those who sat for him in

early years was that eminent Buffalonian, President Millard Fillmore. In a book Mr. Sellsted published not long since containing reminiscences of bygone days the artist-author told some interesting anecdotes throwing sidelights on the character of this occupant of the Presidential chair.

Thomas Ball, said to be the oldest of American sculptors, was born in the same year as Sellsted—1819—and earned repute as painter and musician as well as sculptor. A neighbor of the artist in Montclair, N. J., wrote of him not long since as "a benediction to all who have the pleasure of his genial and delightful acquaintance, his talents summed up in a few droll lines by a neighbor:

'He writes and paints and sculps,
The fiddle plays and sings,
Life is too short to do all things well
Else he would do other things,'

"In his charming autobiography, under the title of 'My Threescore Years and Ten', published in 1891, the story of his life is told in a manner so joyous and homelike that you at once become one of the family. A painter of miniatures, then of canvases of importance; one of the earliest to make statuettes, the first to sing the title role of 'Elijah' in this country, and, finally, his colossal statues of Webster, Washington and others, place him in a unique position in his varied accomplishments as an artist."

Montclair has quite a colony of artists and literary folk and among them is that delightful veteran of the studios, J. Scott Hartley. He has long been one of the leading lights of the Salmagundi Club, which clings to the Bohemian neighborhood of Washington Square, New York, and is prominent also in the National Academy of Design, National Sculpture Society, and Architectural League of New York. Among his works are the statue of Alfred the Great on the Appellate Court Building, Madison Square, New York: the figure of Pierre Laclede, founder of St. Louis, done for the St. Louis World's Fair, and his charming relief of the children of George Inness, Jr., representing the first dawn of adult expressions in four children of one family. The artist is an expert in anatomy and has written a book on the subject and has made a special study of the expression in clay not only of the form and features but of the soul of a child. Speaking of the ideal child—not from the Sunday School point of view, but from that of the artist—the sculptor says:

J. SCOTT HARTLEY
Sculptor

"Art is the magic power that transforms the crude and rugged imperfections of nature into a recognizable ideal. To be able to humanize the beauties and imperfections of a figure of life into an ideal figure of marble or bronze is the duty of art, and the result of a vivid, accurate memory. Especially does this apply to the modeling of children. They are constantly moving. The fleeting, momentary seconds of repose must be instantly memorized and stored in the mind for future reference in the slower process of sculpturing the life portrait of the child.

I have often thought that if parents could be made to understand the artistic value of these active impressions, these swift changes of natural graces, that young children are constantly giving us in the course of their first five years of life, they would recognize the value of a sculptor's portrait because never again will the child be such a conglomerate expression of beauty in life. I mean beauty that is unconscious of grace, teeming with the principles that are the foundation of beauty in after life."

Jacob A. Riis is again mourning the loss of a dog. This time the friend and biographer of Roosevelt and author of "How the Other Half Lives" must charge up his affliction to the carelessness of truck drivers rather than to malice and general cussedness. Bruno, who had been a

JACOB A. RIIS

member of the Riis family for twelve years, was trotting along in the street near the author's home at Richmond Hill, L. I., when he was struck by the wheels of a heavy commercial vehicle and killed. A neighbor who saw the accident considerately conveyed the body of the animal to the Riis residence in a cart. It was buried in the yard and Mr. Riis ordered a granite marker for the grave inscribed "Friend Bruno".

The author has always had a soft spot in his heart for dogs and one of the most agonizing moments in his life was when he witnessed the death —the murder, he calls it—of the first pet of the kind he had in this country. He tells about it in "The Making of an American". It was soon after Mr. Riis, then hardly more than a boy, landed in this country and he was going through such vicissitudes that it is a wonder that he lived to tell the tale. One night he was almost freezing to death and the warm body of a little black and tan which had shared the shelter of a doorway with him helped to keep his blood from congealing. Driven at last to seek refuge from the bitter night in a police station he was forced to leave his canine companion on the doorsteps—there was no welcome within for a dog whose owner was himself a wanderer. The shivering little creature curled up on the cold step to wait for his friendless master.

"Poor little friend;" writes Mr. Riis, "it was its last watch." Awaking suddenly in the night young Riis found that some one sleeping on the slab next to him had robbed him of a memento, a locket containing a lock of some loved one's hair. When he complained to the doorman the latter kicked him out and down the steps. The dog in waiting sprang on the officer, in defense of his master, and the doorman in his rage seized the unhappy animal by the legs and beat his brains out against the stone steps. It so maddened Riis, already driven to desperation by his troubles, that he shook the dust of New York from his feet, vowing never to return. Fortunately for the downtrodden of the Metropolis he did not keep his vow. Twenty-five years later, when Roosevelt was a police

commissioner, the murder of the little black and tan was avenged. They visited the police station where the incident occurred together and when the author related the story to his distinguished companion the latter exclaimed: "Did they do that to you?" and striking his clenched fists together he declared: "I will smash them to-morrow."

He was as good as his word, and the action of the police board did away with the abuses that had so long existed in connection with the police lodging house.

Mr. Riis is in much demand nowadays as a speaker or lecturer before societies whose object is social betterment. At the National Conference of Charities and Corrections in June, held in Boston, he hit hard at the killing greed of many tenement owners in large cities whom he charged with responsibility for the high mortality rate, the bad housing conditions, attended by low standards of living and lack of privacy in the home, all increasing the trend toward criminality. Such conditions, he said, perpetuate slum politics, retard movements for social uplift, and in New York City alone result each year in 10,000 deaths from tuberculosis.

One of the most talked about plays of the past season was "As a Man Thinks", by Augustus Thomas. It has been issued in printed form and is worth reading not simply as a play but as a thoughtful study of social conditions in this country.

It is not quite ten years since the death of Cecil Rhodes but at least four biographies or appreciations of the South African empire builder have now appeared. One of the latest is by his private secretary, Philip Jourdan, and for that reason possesses special interest for the author of course had a peculiar opportunity for intimate knowledge of a great man. Mr. Jourdan was greatly attached to Rhodes and says that one of his objects in writing his life was to refute the charges that have sometimes been made reflecting on the character of the man he so much admired.

One reads in a circular issued by the National Society of Craftsmen some suggestions that indicate how closely art in some of its branches is being applied to everyday affairs. A paragraph or two may be quoted:

"At this time of year the textile arts are properly matters of special interest. With the suggestion of summer things which the early warm breezes carry there is an impulse to throw by the 'winter garments of repentance' and seize the light, cool draperies which can be so pleasing to the sight upon warm days. The textile crafts have not received, as yet, the attention of some of the other art-crafts but are coming to the front, both as regards interest on the part of the public and in regard to the quality and interest of the things themselves, in the beauty of technique and especially in the new and enlarged methods of decoration. Even the art of stencilling, for the time under a cloud because of a somewhat cheap popularity, is capable of very great beauty hardly touched upon in the art-crafts and quite unfamiliar outside. But a new craft presents itself full of interest. New it is, not because of basic principles, which must always be old, but because of the adaptation of old methods to new ways of working out, and especially to an entirely new pattern for this kind of work, pattern that is very free, very modern."

The writer then goes on to describe examples of the art of batik making, one a corner of a table cover with a border of swans designed by Charlotte Busck, and another example of much delicacy of design, the work of Mira Burr Edson. These and some attractive pieces of work combining wood-block printing on fabrics with bits of embroidery upon the highlights, by Mabel Lane, were shown at a recent exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen. The exam-

ples named and other exhibits suggest that in this comparatively new field there are, as the writer quoted remarks, "unlimited scope for new and delightful developments".

Slowly but surely the arts and crafts movement is winning its way, and organization, and the publicity that goes with it, are helping to educate the public on what has been termed "the art-craft ideal".

"Our art." says an enthusiastic craftsman, "must face and include the facts of life and remold them to suit a nobler view of the Art of Living."

THE ROSE IN THE NETTLEWORT

Had you but come, a careless knight of Arden,
To clink the latchkey in the door of spring,
To crush the crimson roses in my garden,
And pass, a fleeting swallow on the wing;
Had you but come as any sudden thing
Of merry music or of golden hue—
When now the passing birds of autumn sing,
I would not pause to hear the voice of you.

Had you but come, as any kindly neighbor,
Or braided trooper, whistling to my door,
With heartsome step and clank of spur and saber,
To drain the gourd, and come again no more;
Had you but come, the page of kings, to pour
The empty balm of royal flattery
Into mine ears—a shadow gone before,
You would not turn and smile and follow me.

Had you but come, a moonbeam on the roses,
A brief eclipse of petals on the wing—
When now the gate of brown October closes,
A gust of leaves across the paths of spring,
I would not feel the bitterness and sting
Of winter on the window; I would know
The bud you crushed, no more remembering,
Was buried with its burden in the snow.

But O, you came as blood into my being,
As music to the silence of my need;
The rose you might have crushed by your decreeing
You nourished it with sun and dewey bead
Till bud was blown, and fruit and ripened seed—
And now, with every gift of sun and rain,
Entangled in the choking thorn and weed,
The roses, ah, the roses once again!

—*Aloysius Coll.*

THE SOCIAL SIDE

LABOR AND LEISURE

Labor's Holiday

By Portia Brent

THE Act of Congress of 1894, making the first Monday in September a legal holiday, referred to it as "the day celebrated and known as Labor's Holiday". Though this term is a proper one, the framers of that bill were mistaken in stating that it was so known for it was commonly known as Labor Day, and such is the term generally applied to it; though it has been criticised by many for conveying the idea that it is a "day of labor", even though we are aware of the fact that it is not, and that it is really the holiday of the laboring classes. The "idle rich" have accepted it, too; probably on the grounds that if they do not labor they at least contribute to the cause of labor by giving the working class plenty to do; and, moreover, the majority of this class like an excuse for making extra holidays, on the same principle that generous persons like the Christmas season because it furnishes a legitimate cause for giving, though they have found giving a joy during any day of the year when their purses permitted and their hearts prompted.

The first great parade in the United States in honor of labor was held September 5th, 1882, in New York City, when the different local labor assemblies, reenforced by various organizations from nearby towns and cities, paraded on the principle streets, passing the grandstand at Union Square where the general assembly, then convened in the city, reviewed the monster labor parade. It was on that occasion that the term "Labor Day" originated—so the best authorities state—when Robert Price of Lonaconing, Maryland, said to his neighbor in the reviewing stand, Richard Griffiths, general foreman of the Knights of Labor: "This is 'Labor Day', in earnest, Uncle Dick!"

The appellation was readily adopted by the laboring men of the hour, and it was then decided that the next year the laboring organizations of New York should celebrate on the first Monday in September. When the question of parading again in 1884 was raised, George K. Lloyd, at a meeting of the Central Labor Union, offered a resolution to make the first Monday in September a permanent holiday for labor. This day appealed to thousands of laborers, not only in the unions, but out of them, for, set for Monday, it enables them to enjoy two consecutive days of rest or recreation, and this fact, coupled with its appearance at the fag-end of summer vacations, and before the next general holiday, Election Day—which seems a long time in coming to those who have known no general holiday since Independence Day—has made this holiday of labor a red-and-gold lettered one in the calendar.

New York was the first State to introduce the measure to make this new holiday, but Oregon was the first State to pass the bill into a law. Nearly all the States have passed similar laws, though some of them have set aside other days than that generally accepted—the first Monday in September. In some quarters, when this day was suggested, fears arose that it would be made the occasions for violent speeches against capital, denouncements of labor conditions, etc., etc., leading perhaps to riots and general disturbance of public peace. But the organizations soon set these timid ones at rest, and let it be known that this day is one for all laborers, whether they are bricklayers or bookwriters, watercarriers or millionaire manufacturers —if such wish to join in the general celebration. It was conceded that while public men might take this opportunity to refer to labor on the platform and the stump—the same as they do on Independence Day, and other public holidays, when they can easily hold the ears of the people who gather for parades and picnics —no questions of local controversy, no strike-breeding remarks, should be made; or, if made, would be regarded out of order.

When Congress enacted the law creating Labor's Holiday, its wards, the citizens of the District of Columbia, immediately began to plan a celebration for that first Monday in September, 1894, which would be an example to other cities of the Union. The law provided that all Federal offices throughout the Union should be closed as tightly as on New Year's Day, Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, and Uncle Sam's employes felt justified in joining the preparations for public demonstration in honor of Labor's Day, even though Uncle Sam frowned, and still frowns, on their forming labor unions. So, when on that first fair Monday of September, 1894, the initial labor parade took place, it was one to be compared favorably with the most historic pageants and parades which have passed in review on that grand avenue, which is the broad highway between the Capitol and the Executive Mansion.

Some there were who, watching it pass under the blue and white September skies, between lines of waving banners floating from the buildings along the way, and trees turning from deep green to dusty gold

and flaming red, called to mind that the first notable parade which passed up this highway—then nothing more than a country road—was that which accompanied President Washington to lay the cornerstone of the United States Capitol—on a September day, too, the eighteenth, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-three. The centenary of this event had been celebrated the year before—1893—with great enthusiasm, especially by the Masons and kindred organizations, who proudly recalled that it was as Master Mason, no less than Chief Executive, that Washington was present at the original ceremonies. He wielded the tools symbolic of their order, and of the most ancient, and at the same time enduring of all crafts, thereby giving dignity to all subsequent labor to be performed on the magnificent building to house the United States Congress, and silently, if not verbally, commanding all, from the architect, or architects, to the humblest carrier of stone and mortar, to perform their work so honestly that neither God nor man would find it wanting.

At the head of the labor parade held September 3rd, 1894, rode the grand marshal, followed by the local unions and floats representing different trades, in themselves an object lesson to the matter-of-fact citizen who pays the bills, but who does not know how those outside his own business circle work. The masons and bricklayers were well represented, the latter laying a section of a wall as their float passed slowly up the avenue. The stone cutter seemed as much engrossed, as he applied his chisel to the block of granite before him, as if he were working in some sequestered stoneyard. The paper hangers, who followed closely, delighted young and old with the slapdash dexterity with which they unerringly applied floral paper to imaginary walls. But the float which touched all witnesses, sounding a vibrant note which seemed to draw musical memories from every heart, was that of the Journeyman Horseshoers' Union, containing a horse being shod by the smith. How the sparks did fly, and the anvil ring, and the crowd cheer! The village blacksmith had come to town, and he was the symbol of countless blacksmiths in countless towns, one of the most respected and well-beloved of all working citizens. Why? No one seems able to tell why he is so universally admired and remembered, save that he always seems so merry at his grimy work; always having a welcome for the stroller in, whether it be a little child who comes to see the sparks fly or a doddering old man who loves to see great working muscles, when his own are flabby and idle. So it is that the blacksmith, enshrined in many hearts, long before a poet immortalized him in verse, is bound to be a star in any labor pageant.

In subsequent labor parades held at the National Capital, the Government employes took pains to emphasize Uncle Sam's important workshops. The Government Printing Office—the largest in the world—made a tremendous showing, and caused the onlookers to howl with delight when they appeared with "the printer's devil", hoof, horns, tail, and all, garbed in flaming red, cavorting, grimacing, up and down the avenue, with so much applause from the curb, and laughter from the accompanying printers, that the Recording Angel—if represented in the Bookkeepers' Union — would weep from envy at the thought of wickedness so honored. The bookbinders had on their float a huge volume, bound in leather, which well might serve for the Recording Angel, and they claimed that it was really the largest book ever turned out of any bindery. Their floats demonstrated the bookbinders' art, with skill equal to that which they use, day in and day out, in the Government bindery. From the Bureau of Engraving and Printing genius was also displayed. The building

containing this bureau of the Government is the least pretentious-appearing of all the Federal buildings, but it attracts visitors to the city hardly less than do the Capitol and the White House—they all like to see where, and how, money is made. Many of the curious were gratified on the broad highway, on the occasion of the Labor Day parade, for a float was equipped with a hand-press, a printer and his assistant—a young girl, whom some said was the antithesis of the printer's devil—so sweetly she behaved as she turned off the "money". The escort, numbering two hundred plate printers, wore brand new dollar bills for badges.

One might think that, it being so perilously near the opening of the schools, it was an ill-considered float which represented a schoolroom, including a school teacher. But it drew applause, just the same, because the teacher was pretty, and hung her head, at times, so she couldn't possibly spy on the mischievous boy in the back row. Besides, the float also contained a splendidly-equipped bookstore, with a real polite and intelligent clerk in charge—and new books do appeal on sight—if not on further acquaintance—so the crowd, from the alphabetical baby to the university professor, signified its appreciation.

Then we recall the pie wagon! What fun it was to watch its laborers wrap up nice wedges of pie and throw the packages at other laborers and non-laborers in the crowd! What fun, until one of us, who disdained to eat pie, defining it a "Yankee weakness", had a wedge of gooseberry pie land on our new Fall hat! And how that one delivered an old opinion on the making of puns, when a mirth-stricken bystander asked if it gave her a tart tongue? Then how harmony was restored, when a confectioner's assistant threw a small box of bonbons toward the same hat and the same girl, with the quotation, "Sweets to the Sweet!" Then the way the children, who never ate plain bread at home, scrambled and actually fought for the loaves and rolls which the baker threw from his wagon! It was typical of the day—all classes seemed to meet on common ground, and none was too proud to refuse to do honor to every trade under the sun, and to acknowledge that we are all, more or less, dependent on each other.

It is impossible to enumerate the various floats which have been designed for the many labor parades which have occurred in Washington, and other cities, since that first grand one in Washington almost twenty years ago, for they have been as various as the trades, and have increased in novelty and importance as invention has added variety to the laborer's life. Electricity, which has given so many pleasures and so much assistance to modern life, can be counted upon to figure prominently in the making up of floats. As early as 1895, in Washington, the electricians demonstrated their craft, when they appeared in spotless white uniform, forming a band, as they played tunes on electric bells attached to storage batteries, which they carried, and escorting a magnificent float on which a dynamo was operated. The electricians are capable of forming one of the most spectacular divisions of any labor parade, and may prolong their march into the dusk of the day with the effect of outglowing all other participants, if they so desire. It would be a good idea to have these wizards come at the end of the parade, if it takes place in the late afternoon, and to display their talents and accessories by the light of their own particular illuminating power. They would thus insure a brilliant finale to the Labor Day parade, instead of having it, like most parades, trail off into an uninteresting, disorderly finish.

Many labor organizations have seized this public occasion to bear slogans on banners which will impress the people. Thus far they go,

in using the day to better their condition by making all men think what labor is, what it does, and what it wants done to ameliorate its hours. These slogans may be substituted by choice quotations in praise of labor, where there is no desire to refer to the seamy side of work. As too much agitation leads to unhappy thoughts, and as we wish our holidays to be as happy as possible, it is well not to refer to all the wrongs committed in the laboring world. The poets, philosophers and saints have written of its blessings, and if we seek we can find plenty of splendid words to carry on our banners in the Labor Day parade.

BERGERETTE

After Florian, 1755-94

Should in your hamlet chance to dwell
A shepherd lad whose gentle air
Must at a glance your love compel—
Whom every day reveals more fair—
'Tis he I seek—my very own—
Whose heart is mine, and mine alone.

Should some sweet voice in tender song
Entrance the echoes through the grove—
Should some light reed inspire the throng
Of shepherdesses' hearts with love—
'Tis he I seek—my very own—
Whose heart is mine, and mine alone.

Should some lone beggar seek the fold
When flocks are crowding round its eaves,
And crave a lambkin—and be told
To take its mother since it grieves—
'Tis he I seek—my very own—
Whose heart is mine, and mine alone.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

By Eugene Parsons

LIFE would be rather dreary to most mortals without some feasts and picnics to break up the monotony. Men and women need an occasional play spell as well as young folks and children. From the earliest ages of which we have any record human beings have had their occasions of rejoicing and merrymaking; they have held their religious and political celebrations. Even the most barbarous tribes of Asia and Europe observed days of worship and thanksgiving; they had their recurring times of festivities that might almost be called national holidays. The ancient Greeks and the Romans made much of their games and their solemn or gay processions in remembrance of important occurrences. The powers that be in all modern nations of Christendom have recognized the need of certain days of rest and recreation other than Sunday.

The influence of national holidays on a people's social and political life can scarcely be overestimated. They have been a boon to the race. Whether they be celebrated by banquets in winter or by outings in summer, they are joyous times. They are looked forward to with pleasant anticipations and are remembered with delight.

From time immemorial the members of the chosen people who inhabited Palestine have kept up the observance of fasts and feasts that used to be national holidays (and are still holy days) before the Hebrews were scattered to the ends of the earth. The Jewish calendar includes more than a score of such occasions, of which the principal ones may be mentioned. The Jewish year begins some time in the latter half of September or in the fore part of October. In 1910 (Jewish era 5671) New Year's eve fell on October 3, and in 1911 on September 22. It commences at sundown (6 p. m.). Ten days after New Year comes the Day of Atonement (Yom Kippur), which is observed as a day of worship rather than a time of merriment, although spring chickens and other fowls are in demand for the feast that follows the twenty-four hours of fasting and prayer. The ancient melody, "Kol Nidre", is sung at the impressive ceremonies of the synagogue on this day. The Feast of Lights (Hannukkah) begins on December 25 and continues eight days; it is also called the Feast of Dedication, and commemorates a great victory of Judaism over Hellenism 250 years after the erection of the second temple at Jerusalem. Purim (Feast of Esther) is commemorated in March. Then follow the celebrations of the Passover (in April), and the Feast of Weeks (in June). The Feast of Ab occurs in August and lasts a week. This fast was instituted in memory of the destruction of the temple by the Romans (70 A. D.) and the final dispersion of Israel.

Mohammed's birthday (in April) is celebrated with a big festival in the Ottoman Empire and throughout the Moslem world. The fast of Romadan is the counterpart of Lent; it is followed by a three-days' feast named Bairam. The second Bairam feast is the culminating ceremony of the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The Persians celebrate New Year's at the vernal equinox, March 22.

In China New Year begins in the latter part of January or in early February. This greatest of all Chinese festivals lasts at least three days, and many Celestials quit work for a week or ten days. On New Year's Eve Pekin is ablaze with lights. Gongs are beaten, firecrackers and skyrockets are set off, in-

cense is burned in the temples, and from the noises in the streets one might be led to infer that the whole city is rioting. The next day Pekin's shops are closed, and the banks, while the Chinese compradore and the shroff, who serves the foreigner, enjoy their feasts and the days of rest, and all the servants have a day off from service, for all China is having a holiday.

The anniversary of the Confucian year (4607 being our 1911) is the time of all times for banqueting on sweet nuts and roast duck, followed by the consoling pipe and blissful poppy dreams.

Throughout the Dragon Empire a thanksgiving festival is held in the latter part of September or in the fore part of October. The Chinese observe the occasion with a feast of roast pig and moon cakes. The day is devoted chiefly to visiting and merrymaking.

The Japanese celebrate the New Year with enthusiasm and unfeigned mirth. For several days after January 1st they give themselves up to revelry and amusements. Wherever they may be, the natives of Nippon observe February 11, in commemoration of the day in 1889 when Mutsuhito presented a Constitution to the people of the island empire. Schools, shops and banks close also on Mikado's Day (November 3, the Emperor's birthday), when the people take in theatricals and indulge in other pleasures. Sake flows freely, and there are good things to eat in abundance. Another holiday occurs on April 3, the birthday of the first Japanese emperor, Jimmu (660 B. C.). Toward the end of October the Nipponese keep the Feast of Chrysanthemums, a gala occasion when the gorgeous chrysanthemums are everywhere in evidence.

In 1897 the Koreans began to observe October 15 as a national holiday, in honor of the imperial coronation of that year, which inaugurated a new reign-period in the Land of Morning Calm.

In some countries of southern Europe Easter partakes of the character of a secular as well as a religious holiday, there being fireworks and other noisy demonstrations after the elaborate ceremonies are over in the churches.

Christmas is the one holiday that is most widely observed on the globe, being a day of good cheer and marked by giving presents. Like Easter, it is more than national. Long before there were any Christian churches or any modern nations there was a heathen festival on December 25. The day was memorable because then the return of the sun on its northward circuit had begun. Even the most casual observer noticed that the days were getting longer. Afterward it was associated with the birth of Christ and hallowed by many tender memories and customs. Christmas has enriched and blessed the world with a wealth of song and story inexpressibly dear. Except the Sabbath, it is the most precious of all days.

So long ago as 1782 Washington's birthday, February 22, was observed by his grateful and admiring countrymen.

For a score of years Lincoln's natal day, February 12, has been given fitting recognition in many of the States.

Arbor Day is a holiday in most of the States of the Union, although the date of its observance varies. The idea of a "tree-planting day" seems to have originated with J Sterling Morton of Nebraska. April 10, 1872, was the day first proclaimed as Arbor Day in the Antelope State; it is said that the Nebraskans fittingly celebrated it by setting out millions of trees. They concluded to make the custom permanent, and April 22 was fixed as Arbor Day. Other commonwealths followed Nebraska's example, and now Arbor Day is generally kept throughout our land, especially where vast natural forests do not abound. The day is usually the third or fourth Friday in April or a Friday in May.

Decoration Day, May 30, has been

set apart almost everywhere in the United States as a day to strew flowers over the graves of soldiers who fell in the Civil and Spanish-American wars. It was first observed in 1868.

Flag Day, June 14, has a more recent origin. The day, which commemorates the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the American flag in 1777, was first observed by the New York schools in 1889.

The glorious Fourth of July is a country-wide day of rest and jollification and noise. It serves to keep in mind a conspicuous fact of American history, the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Soon after that date the practice of honoring this memorable deed became a fixed habit of the Bostonians. Old and young gathered in Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty"; they listened to a patriotic address and heard the Declaration read. As time passed it became a widespread custom for citizens of towns and communities to meet in a public hall or some leafy grove to celebrate the Fourth of July. A minister or a lawyer or a congressman would deliver an oration, followed by toasts maybe and by the singing of "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner". The speaking was generally of a sort to improve character and especially to nourish national pride in the breasts of all true citizens; the music, too, fostered the love of country. In short, the holiday was of immense benefit in promoting national solidarity, of which there has never been enough in the American republic. In many places it seems to be losing its original meaning, and the movement for a more safe and sane celebration of Independence Day is to be commended. A century or half-century ago the speaker of the day attempted now and then to do more than indulge in grandiloquent oratory—he discussed problems of statesmanship and set his hearers to considering seriously the weal of the country at large. Charles Sumner's oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations" was a noble effort. The Fourth of July orator of the present has an opportunity to educate public conscience.

Emancipation Day is regularly observed by colored people in the North and South. Negroes gather on September 22 or about that date in remembrance of the event that gave the slaves freedom. True, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was issued on January 1, 1863, but so many other doings are going on on New Year's Day that another day is set apart to give emphasis to this occasion.

Since 1894 Labor Day, the first Monday in September, has been a national holiday. In the '80's the custom of having parades of workingmen came into vogue in some of the large cities of our land.

Within the past few years a number of States and municipalities have created a holiday called Columbus Day, October 12, that being the day when land was first sighted by the sailors of Columbus's fleet in 1492.

Thanksgiving Day, the last Thursday in November, is officially and popularly observed as a holiday by the people of all sections of our country. It is designated as such by the President in a proclamation, and State governors put forth proclamations reciting some of the good things for which we have reason to be thankful. The custom of holding services in churches dates back nearly three centuries. History records that the day was set apart by Governor Bradford of the Massachusetts Colony so long ago as 1621. Even in those early days the observance was characterized also by feasting; a wild turkey, roast venison, or some other kind of game graced the festal board.

The secular holidays of the Spanish-American republics have a political significance, being days chosen to commemorate some notable event in the struggle for liberty. Mexico

and the Central-American republics celebrate September 16, for it was on the evening of that day, in 1810, that Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico, started the movement for emancipation. The revolt was speedily crushed, but eventually the natives succeeded in shaking off the yoke of the hated Spaniard. On September 15, after nightfall, a vast concourse of people assemble in front of the Government Palace, and the President of the Republic rings the Liberty Bell with great ceremony. In other ways the Mexicans keep alive the memories of their "Fourth of July". The Fifth of May is another Mexican holiday; it is observed to recall a victory over the French.

Similarly, in the republics of South America, various holidays are observed as anniversaries of the first blow struck in the revolt against the mother country. Chile's "Fourth of July" is September 18; on that day, a hundred years ago, the declaration of Chilean independence was proclaimed. Ecuador keeps August 10th in remembrance of the first uprising at Quito on that day in 1809. May 25th the Argentine people celebrate in honor of the day when the revolutionary junta at Buenos Aires expelled the Spanish viceroy and seized the reins of government. The 6th of August is Bolivia's natal day; on that day, in 1824, was fought the battle of Junin, which made her an independent nation. The chief national holiday of Brazil is September 7; it was on that day, in 1822, that Brazil severed her political connection with Portugal.

There is no one holiday that is universally observed throughout the British Empire. The national holiday of England is Derby Day, which falls on the Wednesday following Trinity Sunday, about two months after Easter. Throughout Great Britain (and in some parts of Europe) May Day was formerly celebrated by dances of maidens and by the crowning of the May Queen, as referred to in Tennyson's well-known poem. May-day pageants are not so common now as in the years long gone. St. George's Day is celebrated on April 23 in England and elsewhere.

The Welsh celebrate St. David's Day, March 1st. The Cambrian societies in large cities always pay tribute to the virtues and achievements of St. David, the patron saint of Wales. The day is given up to eating and drinking and dancing, also to concerts and entertainments where they sing "Land of our Fathers", "Men of Harlech", etc. St. David, who lived away back in the fifth century, is to the Welsh what St. Patrick is to the Irish.

Scots the world over commemorate January 25, the birthday of Robert Burns. They always hold a picnic some day in July or August and sing the songs dear to the hearts of the children of old Scotia; on such occasions Caledonian sports and dances are the leading features. Although they may not always select a day linked with some historic occasion, many things in connection with a Scotch picnic recall the stirring memories of a thousand years.

The Irish celebrate Emmet's birthday (March 4) and St. Patrick's Day (March 17). Not only in Ireland, but in Chicago and other cities of America the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle regularly have a picnic on August 14th or 15th, the anniversary of the victory of Blackwater (some say Yellow Ford) in 1598.

Canadians celebrate Dominion Day, July 1, in remembrance of the Act of Confederation carried into effect on July 1, 1867.

The French celebrate the 14th of July as their independence day. It is a gala occasion in Paris, and in other parts of France the citizens observe the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile on July 14, 1789. The strains of the "Marseillaise", the triumphal song of the Revolution, are heard over and over in public places.

Norwegians celebrate the 17th of

May, for the Constitution of Norway dates from May 17, 1814.

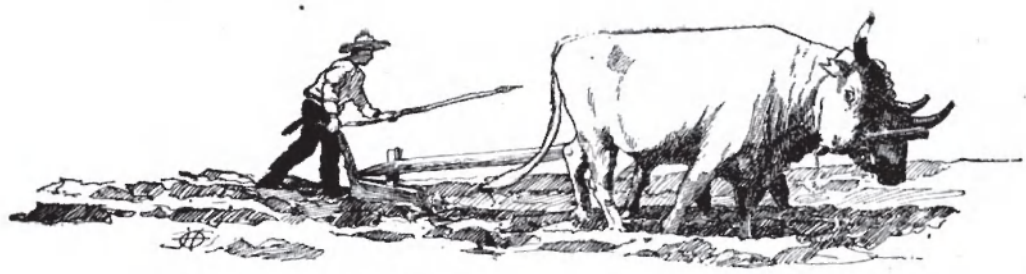
Some time in November the Poles in the United States celebrate the anniversary of the revolution of 1830. They hold mass meetings, have speeches and sing Polish songs. The outbreak was successful at the start, and Poland was free for two months; eventually the liberty-loving Poles were crushed by force of numbers.

The Italian "Fourth of July" comes on the first Sunday in June, when they celebrate the so-called Day of the Constitution in remembrance of the granting of a constitution in 1848 in response to the demands of Garibaldi's party. Another fete day with the Italians is September 20, when they observe the anniversary of the final union of Italy under Victor Emanuel in 1870, when the temporal power of the Pope came to an end.

The great Magyar holiday is August 20, when the peasants gather and feast in honor of the first Christian king of Hungary, who is said to have been crowned on that day in 997 (some say in the year 1000). Vayk, otherwise Stephan, is easily the most prominent personage in Hungarian history. Wherever they are collected, the people sing patrioitic songs and listen to the rousing measures of the Rakotzy March.

The Greeks celebrate April 7 as their national independence day. After a nine-years' war (1821-29) Greece threw off the Mohammedan yoke, and the circumstance is recalled by fitting services in the Greek Orthodox churches of the homeland and in America. On such occasions many of those present wear the national costumes. There are parades, dances, songs, speeches, etc., with fireworks in the evening. It is a happy day, and great enthusiasm is displayed.

The Germans in the United States celebrate the founding of Germantown, October 24, 1683. The settlement, started on the Schuylkill River, grew and flourished. Germantown was afterward embraced within the limits of Philadelphia. The anniversary of the beginning of Teuton settlement in the Keystone State is an occasion for rejoicing by Germans all over the United States. August 29 is also annually observed by many German societies in America.



FARMING IN HONDURAS. FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

FARMING IN HONDURAS

By Hernando Ordones

ON the banks of the Rio Chieito a league from Tegucigalpa we will see farming at its best in Honduras.

It is early May. The slender branches of scagalera thorn have been cut to enforce the fences hard pressed during the dry season by the hungry range cattle. Everywhere are denuded thorn trees like pollard willows. Mule loads of shelled corn in cowhide sacks are unloaded at the bars of the five and ten acre fields. Ox teams follow, led by boys carrying long goads.

The farmers are barefooted, a dark skinned people with straight, black hair and rather high cheek bones; a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood.

The field has already been plowed. The oxen now open the furrow for the seed with the one-handled wooden plow, their eyes jerking at every strain, for the yoke is lashed to their horns.

Showers fall every afternoon and everybody is planting. Six months of dry weather have passed.

Two months ago the mountains were asmoke with burning brush for plowed fields are not common in Honduras. Usually the villagers seek out a piece of bush that promises to burn well. It is cut in December or January and after a month or two of hot sun the pitch pine torches are applied. A good burn is the whole thing, weed seeds are killed, ashes are evenly distributed and the planter is ready with the first rains to drive his macana into the rich mould and drop corn into the opening. His foot covers the hills he makes to right and left with no attempt at rows for no cultivation will pass between the plants.

A scaffold of poles and crotches is put up in the middle of the planted field. On it stand guard two little boys driving off with shrill cries and slings the parrots and "senates" that hover in myriads in the fringe of timbers. Besides the birds, green and brown lizards watch to dig up the swollen kernels as soon as the tell-tale blade appears.

When the corn is six inches high the bars are closed and thorn brush is put between them to keep cattle from temptation. Often the cornfield is not disturbed until the ears begin to fill when a strict guard must be kept against parrots again. When the kernals are hard the ears are doubled down to shed the fall rains.

Every farmer in Honduras owns some long-horned cattle on the range. The mud walls of his house, tinted with yellow clay or whitewash, are festooned with cowhide lassos, albardas with great carved stirrups of calibash wood, halters of twisted

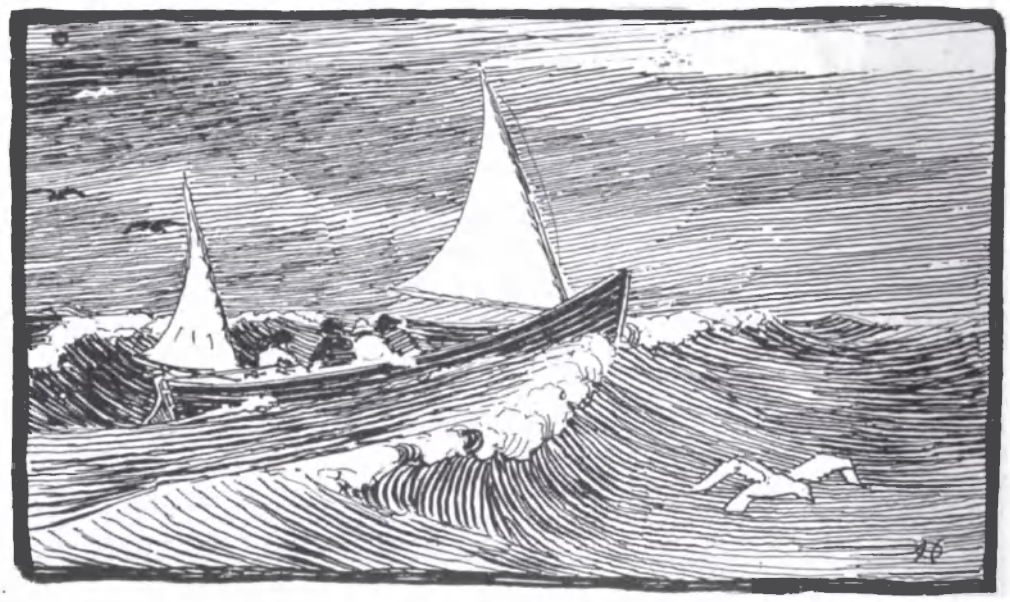
horse hair, bridles with handmade bits, and silver ornaments their braided reins, a marvel of patience. A spinning wheel for making ropes hangs from a fork of one wall-post.

The beds and chairs are covered with cowhide, the hair side up. In one corner stands a bull's hide sewed up from top to bottom, filled with beans, but lest the weavil should enter, the seam is smeared with cow manure. The odor of dried hides prevails over the scent of jasmine and orange blossoms from the little garden.

The farmers of Honduras are also its carriers, each one managing to keep a few pack mules. Only in a few places can the crude wooden carts be dragged over the roads, but the little mules go everywhere. You meet them in caravans from Olancho grunting under loads of Spanish cheese, or from the lower river carrying quintals of corn. The dulcie shgas from Talanga, wrapped in its own "bagaso", comes on horses, for all the road is a plain.

There are no bridges. The drivers, with various disrespectful remarks, urge the mules into the rivers. Sometimes they slip on the mossy boulders and a pair of long ears and flaring nostrils is all that can be seen as he goes down the rapids—but this does not always happen—sometimes all goes well; the mules file into the plaza, and the corn, dulcie or cheese is heaped in the marketplace. Corn is cheap at fifty cents a bushel, but sometimes it sells readily at five dolars. The rains come too soon, the bush would not burn, and only those who had plowed fields could plant.

Cotton is not grown commercially in Honduras though it is common in the house gardens, where it grows year after year into a tree. In Olancho the women still spin cotton by hand into thread for fancy work.



CARIB CRAFT, HONDURAS

In the valley of Amaratica are some farms where stock raising and planting are well combined. The best ranch there is owned by Viviana, an old woman known among the ranchers as very lively, which her name might imply. Her white adobe ranch house, with its red tile roof and spreading corridors, is plainly seen for miles across the Savannah against its background of bananas and plantain. Her corrals of split

rails are at the left. On the right are her extensive pastures of Guinea and para grass, green through all the dry season because she is at the head of the ditch. Sometimes the ranches below suffer for water. Viviana never. The laws in Honduras are excellent, but woe to the man who has to appeal to the courts of that country.

Viviana's "mozos" gather fertilizer from the corrals to enrich her fields—a practice very seldom followed in these countries.

In "the time of the Kings" this country was divided up into large tracts and given to the conquerors—many of these boundaries are indefinite, and it mattered little as long as the country was one vast cattle range, but now the time of Agriculture has come. On the coasts great corporations are planting bananas and lands are rising in value.

And "Ancianos" tell of a time when a cow sold for twelve cents in the interior of Olancho. Those days

MAKING SPANISH CHEESE, HONDURAS

are past. Herds of ten thousand steers are still to be met coming from Olancho to the sea, but they are worth from ten to fifteen dollars a head in the interior.

Men from the United States are charmed with the climate of the upland valleys and often exclaim: "Why do we spend our lives in a country where we have to work all summer to prepare for winter?" But a longer stay will impress one with the great lack of these countries.

With a stable government, administered by a people not afraid to work, Honduras would be in its more favored valleys a Southern California with an accent.

A HYMN FOR THE NATION

I love thee, yes, I love thee,
My Country, great and strong,
My noble, kindly Country,
So free from stain of wrong.
I love thee for thy grandeur,
Thy splendor and thy might,
Because thy acts have kept thee
Upon the side of right.

You've known both trial and struggle,
With little hope to spare,
But God has watched beside thee
Bestowing help and care.
Not once you've faltered—onward
Undaunted kept the way,
Until the world beholds you
Blessed of the blest to-day.

My Country, dear, dear Country,
Whatever doubts assail,
For Freedom stand and Justice,
And in their name prevail.
To all mankind a beacon,
A guide forevermore,
No hand in vain heard knocking
Come asking at your door.

God bless thee, bless my Country,
In every time of need
Give strength that shall the strongest
Of all thy foes exceed.
Yet not by war expelling,
But loving, being kind,
Do thou, my Country, ever
Thy greatest victories find.

—*Horace Varney.*

SCIENCE, INVENTION AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Bottling the Sun

"EXCELSIOR" of Paris (August 19, 1911), asks, "Can we put the sun in bottles", and adds, "it is a process that will, perhaps, be realized some day." It tells the story of an ingenious American who has already filched twenty-five millions from the pockets of the credulous! He gave it out that he had found a method of getting from the rays of the sun an energy which could be transformed at will into light, heat, or power. He asked for capital with which to demonstrate the utility of his ideas in manufacturing industries. Pocketbooks began to open and it was not long before he had five millions of dollars in his possession. Then he disappeared with most of the money and his marvellous invention was found to be a fraud.

"Excelsior", after reciting this story, which savors somewhat of "fish", asks, "However, is it scientifically impossible to put the sun in bottles? Was the public so foolish in trusting the American's advertisements?"

"Do not think it," said M. Deslandres to us. He is the Director of the Observatory of Mendon. "I believe," he said, "that in the future we will find practical methods for utilizing the solar heat, which has wonderful energy. It suffices to estimate its power when we calculate its effect on a square yard of earth.

"The New York crook was wrong in saying that he would extract electricity from the sun. Probably there is electricity in the sun, but we do not know it. Wireless telegraphy has not recorded any electrical waves coming from it.

"What we could do easily would be to employ the heat of the sun's rays for producing electricity. In doing that we would only apply a well known principle.

"To convince ourselves of it we need only recall Monchot's machine. A movable mirror, arranged to follow the great star in its course, carried in its center a black ball filled with water. The axis of its cone was turned toward the sun. The rays thrown on the ball speedily made the water boil. Nothing hinders us from thus putting in motion an electric machine.

"You know what "thermo-electric piles" are? Nobili has found one which is sufficiently practical made of bars of antimony and of bismuth soldered together. One of these faces presents all the solders equal, and the other presents them unequal. When there is a difference of temperature between the solders an electric current is produced. Some of these piles are of gas. They are employed in some laboratories. Nothing prevents making these piles from the sun. Theoretically, it would be easily possible. Perhaps, in the future, it will become practical. Did they not believe at one time that by simply exposing copper to the sunlight it would be transmuted into gold? Some alloys of copper under the influence of the sun's rays seemed to become golden and the change did not appear improbable."

After having heard the astronomer's opinion, "Excelsior" asked Mr. Edison's opinion on the question of "the sun in bottles". The greatest of the inventors of the new world replied, smiling, "Some Americans are capable, when they need money, of doing things much harder than putting the sun into bottles."

(*From the French by M. L. D.*)

Photographing Sound

A RUSSIAN scientist, Dr. S. Lifshitz of Moscow University, has succeeded in doing away with the recording stylus used in the gramophone or phonograph and substituting a sort of photographic process.

The apparatus is described by Dr. A. Gradewitz in the September number of "Popular Mechanics" and the article is illustrated by pictures of the perforated film and a curious "sound photograph" of the letters L and A.

The particular merit of the device is that "the original voice is faithfully reproduced without the scratching noises characteristic of the ordinary phonograph".

—*M. L. D.*

The Telephonograph

THE same magazine gives us an excellent picture of the apparatus named the "Telephonograph", which is an "outfit connected with an ordinary phonograph". It will make permanent wax records of telephone conversations.

The names which could be given to this new invention are many and the cynic would, most likely, speak of it as a "Waxen Prevaricator" when used to denote telephone conversation between lawyers, with the stronger term, "Phonoliar" when employed by politicians. "Phonoexcuser" would be a proper designation for it in a printing plant, while "Phonostinger" would not be bad for the business man's constant companion.

The Italian electrician, Pierliugi Perrotti, who has invented the Telephonograph, may or may not find such suitable names for it in his own language! He has, however, tested the arrangement on the State Telephone lines in Italy. It is only necessary to talk a little louder than is usual when using the telephone. The apparatus is inexpensive and will no doubt become of great use when perfected and "commercialized".

—*M. L. D.*

Bee Stings as a Cure for Rheumatism

THE sting of the honey bee, it is said, will cure rheumatism if you take it regularly and constantly. One patient who has been "taking treatment" for two weeks has been "stung" seventeen times and—strange to say—liked it! Men of science say that the formic acid which makes the sting of the honey bee so sharp destroys the pains of the disease. If the sufferer gets sufficient bee-acid in his system he becomes "immune" so rheumatism will not invade it, which reminds one of what the Irishman said when he caught a little heart, the hornet, and, quickly letting him go, remarked earnestly, "Faith, an' his tail is hot."

—*M. L. D.*

Curing Disease by Electrical Heat

HEAT has always been used for curing or relieving pain. But in the ordinary methods of application to the human skin by bandages, compresses, etc., it does not penetrate "to the depth of a fraction of a millimetre". A French savant, d'Arsonval, has devised a mode of applying electricity to blood pressure and curing the complaints incident to old age. Dr. Gradenwitz, in the September number of "The Technical World Magazine", describes the apparatus, illustrating it, as well as Dr. Nagelschmidt's "Internal Heat Apparatus".

With this device Dr. Nagelschmidt destroyed, Dr. Gradenwitz says, in a single sitting of ten minutes a lupus would have taken four hundred applications by the Finsen light to accomplish the same result.

D'Arsonaval's theory is that with his apparatus "it becomes possible to heat up any part of the body to

any temperature desired, producing high fever temperatures locally and without any strain on the organism, thus stirring and accelerating those vital processes which are instrumental in curing disease".

This electrical method is claimed to be quite distinct from any hitherto use in medicine.

—*M. L. D.*

England Warned to Conserve Her Coal Supply by Sir William Ramsey

ENGLAND'S coal is the source of her wealth and power. She is wasting it and has been warned that laws must be enacted to prevent the bankruptcy of the nation by the failure of her coal supply.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science began its eighteenth session at Portsmouth on August 30th, 1911. Sir William Ramsey, the great chemist, in his Presidential address, claimed that in 175 years, if the present waste continues, England's coal supply will be exhausted. He urged the passage of suitable laws to effect economy in its use so that, as he expressed it, "our life as a nation may be prolonged".

He said further: "Two courses are open. First, the *laissez faire* plan of leaving to self-interested competition the combating of waste, or, secondly, initiating legislation which in the interest of the whole nation will endeavor to lessen the squandering of our national resources. This legislation may be of two kinds—penal, that is, imposing a penalty on the wasteful expenditure of energy supplies, and helpful, that is, imparting information as to what can be done, advancing loans at an easy rate of interest to enable reforms to be carried out, and insisting on the greater prosperity which would result from the use of more efficient appliances.

"The subject is a complicated one, and it will demand the combined efforts of experts and legislators for a generation, but if it be not considered with definite intention of immediate action we shall be held up to the deserved execration of our not very remote descendants."

He did not speak of "bottling the energy of the sun" but he did mention the wonderful properties of radium and the great results which would follow the discovery of a method of utilizing the stored up energy of that element. "If," said he, "the energy in a ton of radium could be utilized in thirty years instead of being evolved at its slow rate of 1,760 years for half disintegration, it woud suffice to propel for that time a ship of 15,000 tons with engines of 15,000 horse power at a speed of fifteen knots an hour. To do this now required a million and a half tons of coal.

"If we know that radium and its descendants decompose spontaneously, evolving energy, why should not other, more stable elements decompose when subjected to enormous strains? This leads to the speculation whether, if the elements are capable of disintegration, the world may not have at its disposal a hitherto unsuspected source of energy.

"If radium were to evolve its stored up energy at the same rate that guncotton does, we should have an undreamed of explosive. Could we control the rate, we should have a useful and potent source of energy, provided, always, that a sufficient supply of radium were forthcoming. But the supply is certainly a very limited one, and it can safely be affirmed that the production will never surpass half an ounce a year."

—*M. L. D.*

The Piano Subscription Contest--- The Winners, and the Results

IN the beginning of 1911 The New Age Magazine inaugurated its first subscription contest, which closed on the 15th of the past month with very satisfactory results to the magazine, and, we sincerely hope, to all the contestants.

The New Age Magazine began this subscription contest primarily to interest the women—the Mothers, Wives, Daughters and Sisters of Masons—in the magazine, it being the policy of the Editor, the Board of Trustees of the magazine, and the Supreme Council, to make it a publication that would be of general interest and entertain every member of the family. To carry out this object it was decided by the Editor to institute a series of subscription contests in which the good women, who are bound to us by our mystic tie, would be directly interested, and the piano contest, the first of the series, has just closed with most gratifying results not only from the number of subscriptions secured but from the lively interest manifested by our Mothers, Wives, Daughters and Sisters in this magazine.

MISS ALICE CUMMING, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

The New Age Magazine expresses its most heartfelt appreciation for the good, loyal and faithful work done by every contes-

tant and the interest manifested by their many friends.

It has been a pleasure for us to offer these prizes and we regret very much that it is not possible to give every contestant a first prize, for we feel sure that each and every one of these good women deserve a prize. They have worked earnestly, faithfully and diligently, and The New Age Magazine gives sincere thanks to each and every one for their valuable work.

The winner of the first prize, a handsome Player Piano, which The New Age Magazine offered to the young lady who would send in the greatest number of subscriptions between January 1st and August 15th, is a resident of Savannah, Ga.

MISS MARY BENNETT, SULPHUR, OKLAHOMA

Miss Cumming is eighteen years of age and a most captivating young lady. She is the daughter of Jerome E. Cumming, who holds membership in the following bodies in Savannah: Zerubbabel Lodge, No. 15, F. A. M.; Alpha Lodge, No. 1; Temple Chapter, No. 1; Gethsemane Council, No. 1; Alee Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; R. J. Nunn Consistory, No. 1.

The piano will be shipped to Miss Cumming at an early date, when it will be presented to her by representatives of The New Age Magazine in "due form" and with full ceremonies.

The winner of the second prize is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Bennett of Sulphur, Okla. That Miss Mary is a most lovable little lady is not only attested by her photograph, but by a score of friends who aided her in the contest.

Miss Bennett wins the two round trip tickets from New York to Bermuda, and hundreds of friends and admirers all over the country wish for her a delightful voyage to Bermuda and all through life.

Miss Bennett's father, Dr. C. M. Bennett, holds membership in the following Masonic bodies: Sulphur

Lodge, No. 144; India Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; Oklahoma Consistory, No. 1, Valley of Guthrie.

The New Age Magazine congratulates the ladies, one and all, and hopes they will enjoy to the utmost the prizes they have won, and that they may be a source of pleasure and of permanent gratification.

We publish below a complete list of all the contestants and their standing at the close of the contest.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Miss Alice Cumming, Savannah, Ga.	345
Miss Mary Bennett, Sulphur, Okla.	313
Mrs. Cora Pell, Wheeling, W. Va.	214
Miss Evelyn Gardner, Safford, Ariz.	151
Mrs. Wm. F. Richards, Kansas City, Kan.	33
Miss Lillian M. Beck, Navina, Okla.	29
Miss Hattie Jones, Bushyhead, Okla.	27
Miss Marion Simpson, Bowling Green, Ky.	17
Miss Kate McElwee, Fordyce, Ark.	16
Mrs. R. J. Watson, Augusta, Ga.	15
Mrs. Henry H. Shinn, West Union, W. Va.	14
Miss Wonda Malarkey, Cleveland, Okla.	13
Miss Florence Prada, Memphis, Tenn.	12
Mrs. R. H. Ramsay, Charlotte, N. C.	10
Mrs. W. A. Green, Omaha, Nebr.	9
Mrs. Thos. L. Freeland, Houston, Texas	9
Miss Mae Kirkman, High Point, N. C.	9
Mrs. E. G. Julian, Los Angeles, Calif.	6
Miss Lois M. Swan, Stewart, Minn.	6
Mrs. H. B. Sparks, Pine Bluff, Ark.	6
Mrs. Iva Hedges, Duncanville, Ill.	6
Miss F. B. Bronner, Keyport, N. J.	4
Mrs. L. E. Gillett, El Paso, Texas	3
Miss Blanche Ezzell, Russellville, Ala.	2
Mrs. A. G. E. Norlander, Boulder, Colo.	1

President Taft wearing the Washington Masonic apron and sash, and holding the little trowel with which President Washington laid the corner-stone of the National Capitol, September 18, 1793, now the property of Alexander-Washington Lodge No. 22, A. F. & A. M. of Alexandria, Virginia.

THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE

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Devoted to Literature, Science and Freemasonry.

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EDITORIAL

GEORGE FLEMING MOORE, 33°, Editor

CHARLESTON

THE Supreme Council, which owns and publishes this magazine, was established on the 31st of May, 1801, by Colonel John Mitchell, a native of Ireland and an officer of the American Army in the War of the Revolution, and Dr. Frederick Dalcho, a native of England, who was afterwards Grand Commander of the Council, and Assistant Rector of St. Michael's Episcopal Church in that city. The whole number of members which then constituted a Supreme Council, nine, was added by them during the following year. The official "See" of the Council has always remained at Charleston, although since 1866 its meetings have been held for the most part in the City of Washington, in the District of Columbia. Since the purchase of the House of the Temple by Albert Pike, the administrative headquarters have been located at 433 Third Street, Northwest, and will

continue there until the erection and equipment of the new Temple which is to be built by the Council in that city.

Dr. Albert G. Mackey, 33°, S. G. I. G., of Charleston

In 1844, Dr. Albert Gallatin Mackey, one of the ablest and most learned of all Freemasons, was elected Secretary-General of the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction and continued to hold the office until his death in 1881.

He was as Secretary-General in possession of all the manuscript books and archives of the Supreme Council and was a resident of the city of Charleston. During the war between the States, or the Rebellion, Dr. Mackey's papers were lost, stolen or burned. Our records and many valuable documents which were with them were also stolen, destroyed or lost. Twenty-five years ago, when the Cerneau monstrosity (Pike called it "The Modern Caliban") was belching its poisonous fumes into Masonry, much noise was made by the Cerneauites over the fact that "Albert Pike said that the Supreme Council had no records" and the same statement may be found in some of those so-called "Exposes" which have been put out by Masonic renegades and perjurers, or malicious enemies of our society acting in concert with such renegades.

On the 20th of May, 1865, the Masons of New York held a reception in honor of Dr. Mackey at the Academy of Music in New York City which was attended by "a brilliant audience consisting of the members of the Masonic Fraternity and their ladies". Dr. Mackey was introduced by the Deputy Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, and Grand Master Clinton F. Paige, who delivered the address of welcome, said, in beginning:

"For years we have pointed with pride to you as an illustration of the learning, dignity, probity and energy which found their home and culture in our fraternity."

In his reply to the address of welcome Dr. Mackey had this to say of his home State and his City—the cradle of the Rebellion:

"Will you not bear with me while I say of my native jurisdiction where I think I have had some Masonic influence that in South Carolina, reproached, as I fear she justly is, as being the cradle of the rebellion, if not indeed its birthplace, the benignant principles of Freemasonry were never forgotten. In its Capital City, the only place I fear on the whole continent where the same deed of love was enacted, prisoners of war who were Masons were released on their parole by the officer of their guard, himself a Mason, and carried from the prison to the lodge-room to relieve the weariness of their captivity by witnessing and participating in the secret service of the Order. And I can solemnly aver that I never approached a Mason in Charleston with a petition for a destitute, suffering prisoner of war without receiving the kindest response and the most liberal donations."

The eminent Mason said in effect that however Carolina and Charleston may have erred (and he thought that his native State had erred in

seceding from the United States), she remained true and loyal to the principles of Freemasonry.

The Bombardment of Charleston in 1863

We present to our readers, as we promised in our August number, a vivid and graphic description of the scenes in Charleston during the bombardment of 1863. The writer, a correspondent and a special artist for the Illustrated London News, was an unprejudiced observer writing for a foreign journal. The gentleman from whom we obtained the article, Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, and who has given a brief account of the author and his journey to Charleston, has contributed several articles to The New Age and is well known and highly esteemed in magazine and literary circles. Our purpose in printing this article was to give a picture from the inside of the state of affairs while our records were there and while Dr. Mackey had charge of them as Secretary-General. The New Age is owned and published by Masons and our fraternity is devoted to Peace—the Peace of the World—and our ranks contain many men who fought in the great war —some in the Union and others in the Confederate armies and navies, and for that reason we submitted the manuscript to the "Hero of Santiago" and of the great bombarment there in 1898—a brother of the Rite:

Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, 33° Honorary

In his letter to us, Brother Schley says:

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"I have read with deep interest the article written by Frank Vizetelly entitled, 'When Charleston Was Under Fire'. It is a clever contribution and I am sure can offend no one who was engaged in the memorable operations against the defenses of Charleston in those far-off days. The contest against those works by the brave fellows of the Army and Navy was marked by a tenacity and courage that honored them while the heroic defense of the Boys in Gray elicited the applause of their foes.

"It was not my good fortune to have shared in the operations about Charleston as I was then serving under Admiral Farragut in the Western Gulf Squadron, operating against the fortifications on the Mississippi River, and I can bear testimony to the same positive resistance, the same high spirit and splendid courage of the officers and men on both sides of the line.

"*Except in some of the official Reports unpublished in the Records, I have not seen anything from the inside of Charleston while Dupont's and Dahlgren's Squadron were hurled against Charleston, and for this reason Mr. Vizetelly's article is both interesting and entertaining as setting forth the actual happenings there in those eventful times.*

"There are a number of officers still alive who participated in the first and the subsequent assaults made by the Navy; Admiral Ramey was captured in the last attack upon Sumter and his residence is in Washing-

ton. I have to depend entirely on memory without my Register or other data at hand and will not attempt to refer you to others.

"Very sincerely yours,

"W. S. Schley, 33° Hon."

Bro. Geo. F. Moore, 33°,
New York, N. Y.

The New Age, therefore, furnishes to its readers an article which Admiral Schley pronounces "interesting and entertaining". It is, moreover, a positive contribution to the history of the Civil War, for no other account has been published giving an inside view of the city during the bombardment. This article, we may add, appears "exclusively" in the pages of this magazine.

CORNER STONES AND ROMAN CATHOLICS

A BROTHER residing in South Dakota has sent in the following "Protest" which appeared in the "Daily Call" of Lead, South Dakota, on August 19, 1911:

A Protest

(Resolutions adopted unanimously at Belle Fourche, after Mass and Confirmation.)

To the County Commissioners of Butte Co., S. D.:

Whereas, it has been officially announced that the corner stone for the Court House at Belle Fourche is to be laid on August 26th, the ceremonies to be in charge of the Masonic Order, and

Whereas, a considerable percentage of the voters and tax-payers of the county are Catholics, and cannot therefore consistently attend said ceremony; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the trustees and members of the Church of St. Paul of Belle Fourche do hereby protest against the action of the County Commissioners in inviting the Masonic Order to take charge of said ceremony as being an unwarranted, even though unintentional, disregard of the conscientious rights of the Catholic voters, tax-payers and inhabitants of this county; and be it further

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the minute book of said corporation of the Church of St. Paul of Belle Fourche, S. D., and a copy thereof sent to the County Commissioners of said county and to His Excellency the Governor of this State.

Joseph F. Busch, Bishop of Lead, Pres.
G. B. Sherman, Secretary.
Per R. Dube, Sec. pro tem.

The "Resoluters" did not state the *actual* percentage of the "voters and tax-payers of the county" who are Roman Catholics. It might, so far as we know, be five per cent or ten per cent, but they are "considerable" when it comes to making a protest against the Masons. Everyone knows, of course, that such "protests" are only *pretexts* to emphasize the hostility of the Bishops and the clergy toward Freemasonry.

Some years ago, "The New World", the clerical Roman Catholic organ of Chicago, became wildly hysterical because President Roosevelt, (a Freemason), permitted the corner stone of the Office Building of the House of Representatives in Washington to be laid by the Grand Lodge of Masons of the District of Columbia. Brother Roosevelt was present and participated in the services. The clerical organ claimed that this was an *insult* to the "fifteen million Catholics of the United States". But Bishop Busch is milder. "Roman Catholics," he says, "can not consistently attend said ceremony."

And why not, Bishop? Did not your first Bishop, and your greatest *American* Bishop, *Curroll*, attend the ceremonies when George Washington laid the corner stone of the Capitol of the United States? Washington was a Freemason, our first President, and, clothed in the regalia of the Fraternity, he laid the stone which was the corner of the Nation's Home. Has your Roman Catholic religion grown intolerant now that you have "fifteen millions" of your religion in the United States? In France, even a hundred years ago, many prelates and priests of your church belonged to our Masonic Societies. When Benjamin Franklin was Venerable Master of the Lodge of the Nine Sisters in Paris there were members of your church who were also members of that Lodge.

Is not the custom of laying the corner stones of Public Buildings in our country, which was sanctioned by Washington and which your great Bishop, *who was an American*, attended, good enough for their successors? Is not your "Protest" only an exhibition of Bigotry?

Look at the Frontispiece of this magazine and you may see the President of the United States, William Howard Taft, another Freemason, clothed in Masonic regalia and holding in his hand the *very trowel* with which George Washington laid the corner stone of our *American* Capitol. We Masons prefer to follow Washington and Taft when dedicating *public* buildings, and *Americans* prefer to keep your sectarian, Roman, religion and that of all other sectarians, out of the public buildings and the public business of this country, for we believe in the separation of Church and State. Your Popes, including the present head of your Church, Pius X, declare that this fundamental American principle, separation of Church and State, "is a *pernicious error*".

It is because Masons belong or may belong to all churches and religions that the American people call on them to lay the corner stones of our public buildings. They will doubtless continue to do so until your "fifteen millions" increase by immigration and naturalization until you have the *power* to prohibit, by law, the Masonic Order from laying corner stones.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

AFTER we had written the foregoing paragraphs about Bishop Busch's "Protest" and the separation we took up for reading a small pamphlet of seventeen pages in which we found the following statement:

"The Syllabus, the magna charta of present-day Romanism: a document which stands positively against all the most cherished American

Ideals and the American Constitution. Americans and the American Constitution stand for religious freedom, and the Syllabus condemns it as an awful sin. Americans and the American Constitution stand for freedom of the press, and the Syllabus condemns it as an awful sin. Americans and the American Constitution stand for the separation of Church and State, and the Syllabus condemns such separation as a dangerous theory," etc., etc.

The author of the pamphlet, who refers to the famous *Syllabus of Errors*, issued by Pope Pius the Ninth (Pio Nono), during his Pontificate, was formerly a Roman Catholic priest.

James Orts Gonzalez, a former Franciscan Monk, in Spain, a former priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and Prefect in Catholic colleges, has, in his "Reply to the 'Morning Star' " of New Orleans, Louisiana, which we have just quoted, makes some startling statements.

Speaking about the oath of the Jesuits, he says: "If I were Mr. Briol I never would have put any stress on the Jesuit oath. If he knew as much about Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical history as I do he would be aware that Jesuits never have distinguished themselves as good oath keepers, when the keeping of their oath was in conflict with the profit of their order. I have at hand hundreds of instances and authorities, gathered from all over the Roman Catholic world, but since we are in America and in New Orleans I will content myself with quoting a very reliable Roman Catholic authority, whose words are faithfully reproduced (though wrongly commented upon) by a Catholic and Jesuit book, which may be inspected by all New Orleans citizens at the Howard Library."

He then states that Ambrose Marechal, Archbishop of Baltimore, Maryland, once denounced the Jesuits' Trustees of Maryland as oath breakers, stating that the Jesuits made *two* oaths, one *public*, according to which they promised to obey the Maryland Legislature in regard to the distribution of some goods, and afterwards they made another *private* oath, according to which they engaged themselves to distribute such goods not according to their public promise (oath) made to the Legislature but to give such goods solely and only to the Jesuit order. Mr. Gonzalez quotes the original Latin of the document from Volume one, page 500, of "The History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial, by Thomas Hughes, S. J."

We quote this observer's remarks about the conduct of Roman Catholics and Protestants in regard to their religious (?) principles. It will repay close attention by those who are interested in the question of Churchianity.

"When I see your unreasonable anger against us about this matter, I cannot but laugh, and think of an old Spanish parable. Once upon a time, an ugly old woman was looking at her face through a mirror and she became so indignant that she broke the mirror to pieces. The servant, who saw her indignation, said to her, 'My dear old lady, the fault is not in the mirror, but in your own face.' Does the Roman Catholic system appear both ugly and old? Then, dear sir, do not break the mirror but break the Syllabus. And your anger is yet more unjustified when we take into account the present religious conditions of America.

"Catholics to-day may not only attack but even slander Protestant people, and Doctrines, and no important paper even deprecates their abusive language, but we Protestants, in a Protestant country, cannot preach Protestant doctrines without being accused of being bigots and called narrow-minded.

"Catholics can organize a religious order like the Paulist Fathers, which stands chiefly for the conversion of Protestants, and such attempts have never been denounced, as far as I know, as a bigotted proselytism, but no Protestant can go to preach among Catholics without being accused of bigotry and base proselytism.

"Catholics have organized a society like the Knights of Columbus, which counts already about 300,000 citizens who are bound to defend the Roman Catholic church even in society and political spheres, and no important paper denounces such organization as unfair and un-American.

"Catholics are taking the Bible out of our public schools and then discrediting this greatest of American institutions by calling it ungodly and perncious. Finally, they are establishing their Parochial schools (wherein the most bigotted Romanism is taught, since foreign friars and foreign nuns are largely the teachers), and no important paper has warned the nation of the tremendous and sinister influence that must thereby be exerted in the near future on American ideals and civilization.

"Catholics dare to say to a Protestant party, by no means can you marry a Catholic, unless the marriage is performed by a Catholic priest, and an oath is made that all children springing from the union shall be Catholics and that there shall be no interference with the religion of the Catholic party, but no important paper therefore accuses them of narrowness and sectarianism.

"Catholics can say from the confessional box, from the pulpit, through their books, and even through bulls of the Popes, that the children of Protestant marriage are not legitimate children. They can say that when a Protestant minister performs the marriage ceremony he merely authorizes concubinage. They can insult Protestant daughters and wives, since they do not consider them canonically and legally married at all, and no one finds such conduct unfair and un-American. But we Protestants cannot speak of the Syllabus, a public and infallible bull of a Pope, without being accused of attacking the Roman Catholic people and church. . . ."

ROBERT FREKE GOULD AND THE ARS QUATUOR CORONATORUM

OUR thanks are due, and are hereby tendered, to Robert Freke Gould for a copy of the "Gatherer", reprinted from "The Aldershot Army and Navy Lodge Journal" of July, 1911.

Our eminent brother, in speaking of Masonic Journals, says:

"The *illuminati* of our time-honored sodality are always on the alert to greet the appearance of new and brilliant essays by Bros. Chetwode Crawley, Sydney Turner, Klein, Count Eugene Goblet D'Alviella, the Rev. J. G. Gibson, and George Fleming Moore; or the results of more spade-work—always so successfuly performed—by Bro. Alfred F. Robbins. Most of these brethren, however, I believe are enjoying a well-earned recess, with the exception of Bro. Gibson, who will shortly publish some volumes of collected essays, which in serial form have charmed, delighted, and instructed appreciative readers in every continent and throughout

'whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.'

"Masonic Journals come and go. In the United States of America, 'Mystic Light,' published at New York, has appeared, lived a short span of life, extending to three numbers, and died. Another paper, also printed at New York, 'The Forum,' has likewise come on the scene, but whether it will go off it with a similar precipitancy, the future alone can decide. An admirable Craft medium, 'The Masonic Journal of South Africa,' has been brought out at Johannesburg, and bids fair to hold its own. Another, the organ of 'The Masters' and Past Masters' Lodge,' No. 130 Christchurch, New Zealand—a Lodge with an inner circle of Members, and an outer circle of Associates—has already published a series of papers read in the Lodge, which in point of careful study, critical acumen, and elegance of diction, may vie with some of the very best lectures or essays that have appeared in the 'Transactions' of any Lodge or association which has ever been established as a center and bond of union for students of the Craft.

"In the British Isles a journal of much promise, 'Miscellanea Latomorum,' or 'Masonic Notes and Queries,' which is designed to meet the growing needs of the scholars and antiquarians of our fraternity, has been launched by Bro. E. L. Hawkins, author of a 'Concise Cyclopædia of Freemasonry,' whose name should be sufficient of itself to ensure the success of the new periodical."

One of the persons mentioned has had no rest for four years except such as results from sickness.

The "Mystic Light" deserved a better fate and began its career under good auspices with an abundance of material ready to use, but the task was too heavy *financially* for its owner. It requires great *faith* in Masonry and in *reading* Masons to go further that did "Mystic Light." Ten thousand dollars expended on three monthly issues of a magazine of that size was a heroic effort which deserved success.

"Two eminent literary Freemasons have recently passed away, William James Hughan, P. G. D., of Torquay; and Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the famous art director, who at one time was the Chief Official at the South Kensington Museum, London, and afterwards held the position of Director of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, U. S. A. The former was well known and justly esteemed as a foremost writer of the Craft. The latter though not so well known to the brethren, for his Masonic writings were confined to a single channel of publication, was, however, held in the highest respect by all the scholars and men of letters who peruse the 'Transactions' of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge. In either case, the interest of these two brethren in the Fraternity of which they were such conspicuous ornaments, only ceased with their lives. Within a week of his decease Bro. Hughan had read and noted some points to which I had invited his attention, and only a day or two before the end came, a letter reached me from Sir C. Purdon Clarke, expressing his wish to become a member of the Lodge of King Solomon's Temple, and expressing his great regret at being unable to attend the April meeting at Chester of No. 3464.

"May we all in like manner continue to labor for the same cause. And when our labors here know us no more, let us hope that other Brethren may be ready, qualified and instructed by our example, to continue the work, so that it may be said, 'The workmen died, but the work goes on.'"

"Although at the present time of writing, the Master of a Lodge at Chester (No. 3464), I cannot forget that I was first placed in the Chair of King Solomon in 1858—fifty-three years and more ago—at Gibraltar, where

was then stationed, in addition to my own Regiment, the 31st, the second battalion of the 'Royals' (now 'Royal Scots'), with its attendant Lodge, 'Unity, Peace, and Concord,' then No. 396, now No. 316."

BROTHER GOULD'S "RECOLLECTIONS"

THE thirty-second chapter of the Autobiography or "Recollections" of Brother Gould appears in the present number of this magazine. In our opinion it is both "interesting and entertaining", and is of more value than many books about Freemasonry. If this issue contained nothing else, it seems to us that it would demand the favor and the hearty commendation of every Mason who can and does read anything about the Fraternity.

Our distinguished contributor begins the account of the establishment of the now famous literary lodge of London with a quotation from the inaugural address of the Master, Rev. C. J. Ball, delivered in 1893, and entitled "Stephanori" (crown wearers), which refers to the Four Crowned Martyrs from whom the Lodge takes its name.

The Regius Manuscript, the oldest Masonic document now discovered, mentions the Quatuor Coronati and Brother Gould thinks it is of English extraction.

Among the distinguished Masons whose labors have made the volumes of the "Transactions" of the Lodge invaluable, he mentions George William Speth, the first Editor; Walter Besant, antiquary, novelist and founder of the Authors' Society; W. Mattieu Williams, scientist and man of letters; Professor T. Hayter Lewis, one of whose papers he is to mention hereafter. Brother Gould esteems it "the most valuable contribution to Masonic Science that has ever appaered in any journal or publication of the craft".

If our Brother Masons care a bawbee for the study of the origin of Freemasonry, or kindred subjects, they will find in this installment of these "Recollections" much that will interest them and serve to open the door to further investigation in that attractive field of labor.

CERNEAUISM

ON other pages of the present issue our readers will find two symptoms of the existence of this Masonic disease.

In one case, Mr. Alfred H. Saunders, who claims to be an English Mason and to belong to the bodies of the York or American Rite in the State of New York, asked Brother Louis Block, the able and learned Grand Master of Masons in the State of Iowa, how he, Mr. Saunders, would be received in that State. In reply, Brother Block informs him that members of the Cerneau body are "absolutely clandestine" in Iowa and that they now have no time to discuss such futile questions as whether the Grand Lodge has power to decide on what societies a Mason shall join, etc., etc.

The other instance is called up by an Edict of Brother John S. Brooks, Grand Master of Masons in Mississippi. The Grand Lodge of that State

adopted a Report from its Committee on Complaints and Appeals which held that the Grand Lodge of Mississippi was ignorant, and was compelled to be ignorant, of the "higher degrees" although other Grand Lodges of no greater dignity than that body know all about the so-called higher degrees and have legislated about them, *not* for the benefit of the "higher degrees", but for the benefit of the Master Masons of their own jurisdictions.

Mr. Kitchell joined the Cerneau Rite. By doing so he made himself "clandestine in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States. When he visits these States he will find the doors of the Lodges shut in his face because of his connection with Cerneauism. He will also find the doors of the Shrine shut in his face. If the Grand Lodge of Mississippi thinks it is *right and fair to the members of its Lodges to take this position* other States must acquiesce. But to this writer it seems unjust and unfair to deliberately place Master Masons who are ignorant of the facts in such an unhappy position.

The report of the Committee was printed recently in the "Tyler-Keystone" and we will have something to say about it in our next number. It will take more space than we now have to correct the errors which are found in it. We read it with mingled feelings of regret and amazement —regret that the Grand Lodge adopted it, and amazement that the Committee had permitted itself to be so greatly misled as to the facts.

TWO VIEWS OF OUR REVIEW OF DR. BUCK'S "AVATAR"

OUR review of Dr. Buck's "New Avatar" has brought us several kind letters, one of which comes from Pasadena, Los Angeles County, California, and is as follows:

"*Mr. George Fleming Moore.*

"Dear Sir: In your August number of The New Age you anticipate praise for your September issue. A commendation of the present number may not be amiss.

"Your review of Dr. J. D. Buck's late book I consider the best condensed indication of true Masonry that I have ever seen, and a most worthy appreciation of a great work and a great man.

"Sincerely,

"Howard Conger."

The other letter comes from Illinois and is unsigned, although we know the handwriting and the writer, who is himself an author, a student of the deep things of Philosophy, and "learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians". His letter is too long to print in full, but some excerpts will give our readers a notion of his views. Here is a "poser" for this Editor: "As you seem to endorse his speculations (Dr. Buck's), under this head ('The New Avatar') tell us in a reasoning analysis how an Avatar is accomplished or how such a thing is possible. And please do not simulate the cuttlefish by emitting an inky cloud about yourself and hide behind it! Stay in the

open and demonstrate your knowledge. It is assumed that an Avatar begins with one of those immortalized souls whose sympathy for our sufferings here attracts him back to earth to perform the work of a Savior and revelator of Divine Wisdom. We ask you: 'Does the Divine one come from heaven to earth through spacial expansions from some place into the outside heavens descending hither like a shooting star?' If so, we demand some reasonable proofs."

As the Southern darkeys phrase it, we "'fess up" that we do not know. We have never seen an Avatar coming from heaven or anywhere else through "spacial expansions", and have no proof to offer that such an occurrence ever took place.

He continues: "Are you not aware that the most ancient oracles and rituals of our School of the Wisdom Religion unanimously declare that the descent of Divine Emanations is effected through substantial *conditions*, not through spacial dimensions." Certainly, my good Hermetic Brother, and you have misread my review and Dr. Buck's book if you did not find that the Avatar spoken of was to be the condition of the earth brought about by the coming and the rule of the Natural Sciences.

"Now, my friend," he continues, "I challenge you or that bewildering Buck to show a trace of evidence, in reasoning analysis, that an Avatar, as you present it, is possible and in harmony with the Divine plan and nature in any of the most ancient of Hermelic, Orphic, Pythagorean or Platonic Philosophies."

We refuse to accept the challenge for two reasons: First, because our brother has misread the review, which assumed no such position as he seems to find in it, and, second, we believe that if he will *read* Dr. Buck's book, which we feel sure he has not done, and re-read our review, he will find no trace of the "spacial expansion" theory which has provoked his *ire*.

CHARLESTON AND THE SCOTTISH RITE

IN our August number we promised our readers an illustrated article on the subject of "Charleston and the Scottish Rite", by our Grand Commander, Hon. James D. Richardson, or by some competent brother designated by him for the task. We regret that the Grand Commander's time has been so much occupied that he has not been able to secure the opportunity for writing the article himself, and he informs us that the brother who he wished to prepare it with his aid has been "off on leave" and will not return in time to give us the paper for this issue. We hope to print it in the October issue, when Mr. Vizetelly's article on the "Bombardment" will be concluded.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE

Military, Municipal and Masonic

By Robert Freke Gould

LATE 31ST FOOT: BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Author of "The History of Freemasonry," "A Commentary on the Regius MS.," "Military Lodges," "A Concise History of Freemasonry," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXII

ARS QUATUOR CORONATORUM

Stephanephori, deathless in story
The name of whose praise is our pride!
Look down from the heights of your glory
On the world for whose welfare ye died.

If aught of your spirit may reach us,
From the heights of your glory look down
The palmary secrets, O teach us—
The secrets that won you your crown.

—REV. C. J. BALL.

Do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown:
Within whose circuit is Elisium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

—SHAKESPEARE: HEN. III.

THERE is a difficulty which must often be felt by those who enter upon the somewhat tortuous path of autobiography. Events do not always shape themseves in the way that would be the most convenient to describe, and to create them in any orderly sequence is frequently quite an impossibility. In this dilemma, I am reminded of the words of Spenser in his "Faerie Queen",

"So few there be
That chuse the narrow path, or seek the right
All keep the broad highway."

And, as the story of my life, during the portion of it which I shall next approach, is chiefly associated with the early work of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge, "the broad highway" I am about to traverse will continue to be a Masonic one, and I must postpone for the moment any deviation into less beaten tracks, or into the byways of personal history and biography.

The organized labors of our Students' Lodge demand, however, a brief foreword. It was asserted by the founder of the Illuminati, Dr. Adam Weishaupt, professor of natural and canon law at the University of Ingoldstadt, that "No man can given any account of the Order of Freemasonry, of its origin, of its history, of its objects, nor any explanation of its mysteries and symbols, which does not leave the mind in total uncertainty on all these points". These words were expressed in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and are almost as true now as then, the only point on which more light has been shed during the interval between the two periods of time, being the external and comparatively modern history of the Institution. Even this, alas, we cannot trace back any great distance, but we reach the fourteenth century, when the actual proofs are exhausted, and there is nothing to help us but tradition and conjecture.

Here, it may be appropriate to introduce the *dictum* of the late Pro-

fessor Freeman, whose sagacity with respect to the evidential value of either ancient or modern books or writings was rarely at fault, "that all the statements contained in history may be divided into four classes —historical, romantic, traditional, and mythical". Of these, he looks on the mythical statements as standing to the traditional in the same relation in which the romantic statements stand to the historical.

The chief factors therefore in the problem which confronts the students of Masonry who are desirous of carrying their researches as nearly as may be practicable to the fountain-head are reduced to two, History and Tradition.

Yet, has it not been truly said, "History is a golden impossibility, and that which usually arrogates to itself the name bears the same likeness to history that the scribble of a child bears to a geometrical figure".

And what can be said of Tradition? Let us listen to Schlegel who, in his "Philosophy of History", says "I have laid it down as an invariable maxim to follow historical tradition and to hold fast by that clue even when many things in the testimony and declarations of tradition appear strange snd inexplicable, or at least enigmatical, for as soon as in the investigation of ancient history we let slip that thread of Ariadne, we can find no outlet from the labyrinth of fanciful theories and the chaos of clashing opinions".

The founders of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge were interested, not so much in the present, or future, but in the past of Freemasonry, and in their opinions the view of which Schlegel had given expression seemed to them the right one to adopt.

Findel, as I have already had occasion to observe, wrote, or perhaps it would be more strictly correct to say compiled, a general history of our Fraternity, but, like most Germans (to use the words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge), while he is not altogether wrong, like them, also, he is never altogether right. One of his assumptions was that because the Crowned Martyrs are referred to in the ordinances of the German Steinmetzen, therefore the English Masons derived their knowledge of the "Four" from a Teutonic source. Though as really happens to be the case, the oldest Masonic document yet discovered—the Regius Ms.—in which mention is made of the "Quatuor Coronati", is English and not German, and as I pointed out to reading Freemasons in 1879, the Crowned Martyrs were the patron Saints of a British Church, many centuries at least before there is historic proof of the legend of their martyrdom having acquired currency in Germany. The story, legendary or otherwise, of the four patron saints of the building trades having been made by me the subject of special and prolonged study, the result of the inquiry was published in the second half volume of my "History of Freemasonry", which appeared in 1883. The next year, when drafting the petition for the establishment of a literary Lodge, the question of a really distinctive title was very effectually solved, by the selection of "Quatuor Coronati", a designation which I had no hesitation in bestowing on the Lodge, albeit there were not wanting Masonic friends who vainly prophesied that the members of the embryonic brotherhood would have a great part of their time constantly occupied in explaining to other persons the origin and meaning of its name.

From the inaugural address of the Master in 1893—the Rev. C. J. Ball —which was a metrical invocation— "Stephanephori" (or crown wearers), meaning the Four Crowned Martyrs, the tutelary Saints of the Lodge, I have taken the two verses which head the mottoes in the present chapter. The remaining motto rests on an entirely different foundation. The custom of "Crowning" the initiates was common in the Ancient Mysteries and Lucius, describing his admission into those of

Isis, says "that his head was decorously encircled with a crown, the shining leaves of the palm tree projecting from it like rays of light".

The custom, or practice, has descended to modern times, and an example of it is still to be met with in North Britain, where the term "laureation" is used in the Scottish universities to denote the act or state of having degrees conferred, as they have in some of them a flowery crown, in imitation of laurel among the ancients. Remindful of this usage of antiquity, and also of the circumstance that the work of the Lodge—Ars Quatuor Coronatorum—was carried on by brethren who were in a figurative sense "Coronati", it became the habit to speak of new members as having been "crowned" on the occasion of their official reception in the Lodge. Nor was there, in the days of which I am now writing, any room for suspicion that in our selection of "crown-wearers" we might unwittingly have aroused, from a long slumber, an echo of the famous saying of Fulk the Good, in the twelfth century, to King Lothair, that "Rex illiteratus" was "Asinus Coronatus".

The early volumes of "Ars Quatuor Coronatorum" contain some remarkable articles which, let us hope, will bear enduring testimony to the quality of the contributions, that with a steady and even flow, maintained such a high standard of excellence during the remarkable and in a certain sense, quite phenomenal editorial reign of George William Speth. Some of the writers, through whose disinterested labors the Transactions of the Lodge derived their vogue, at one time considerable, and which in a gradually lessening form they yet retain, still happily survive, but many, alas, are numbered among our Fraternal Dead. Of the former class, I hope to say a few words in another chapter, though I cannot entirely pass over the names of Chetwode Crawley, Wilhelm Begemann and Sidney Turner Klein in the present one. Each of the three has sensibly enlarged the boundaries of our Masonic knowledge, and in a manner peculiarly his own, has thrown welcome rays of light on matters which to all other students had appeared to be lying in a darkness at once abysmal and profound.

Among the silent dead whose writings had a great share in carrying to a successful issue the literary work of the Lodge, are brethren whose memories are gratefully embalmed in the recollection of the fraternity, while there are others, not so well known, because Masonry only entered into a portion of their lives, and are therefore less generally esteemed as *literati* of the Craft. In the first of these categories may be placed Woodford and Hughan, whose names are household words among the fraternity at large, and with whose writings all scholars of the Craft are familiar. The next I shall mention are Henry Josiah Whymper, of whom it may be truly said that from the date of his initiation until the hour when his heart ceased to beat that there was no one who more fully discerned the grandeur of Freemasonry, or labored with greater earnestness to unfold its beauties to the world; Thomas Bowman Whytehead, the most genial of hosts, and the most indefatigable of Masonic students in the Northern Counties; and John Lane, the fame of whose "Masonic Records" has thrown into the shade a variety of other and almost equally deserving efforts, at least in the estimation of the great bulk of readers, who judge a book, not by its contents, but by its size.

To these names will be added that of George William Speth, the first secretary of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge, and the first Editor of its "Transactions", a writer of great power and marvellous industry, and of whom it may be truly affirmed that whatever progress is discernible in the present work of the Lodge is altogether due to the momentum it acquired during his occupancy of the Editorial Chair.

In the second category of deceased brethren, comprising those who assisted in carrying on the early work of the Lodge, and though familiar figures in the general (or outer) circles of literature and art—are even yet comparatively unknown in the smaller orbit of the Craft, I shall cite the names of Walter Besant, antiquary, novelist, and founder of the Authors' Society. It was largely owing to his energy and skill in direction that the Palestine Exploration Fund, of which he was for many years the secretary, was enabled to throw so much light on the city of Jerusalem, and other sites in Palestine of equal interest to the students of Biblical Archælogy:

W. Mattieu Williams, man of letters and man of science, an excellent lecturer, brimful of anecdote, and happy in his illustrations: critical without being severe, and brief without missing points of any moment: Professor T. Hayter Lewis, to whose wonderful paper on "Masonry and Masons' Marks", I shall once more refer—it being, in my opinion, the most valuable contribution to Masonic Science that has ever appeared in any journal or publication of the Craft. Thirty years of his life were occupied with operative work, succeeded by thirty years during which professorial duties and speculative work brought him into higher fields of thought, in fitting preparation—may we not venture to hope and believe—for his admittance into the Grand Lodge above:

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., and F. R. S., whose tribute to "The Masonic Genius of Robert Burns" is one of the brightest gems in the "Transactions" of the Lodge. The work performed by this remarkable man, the great importance of which was recognized on every side, was of a wide and multifarious character. Philanthrophy, literature, and medicine, each claimed a share of his allegiance and boundless activity:

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the famous Art Director, who, in a paper of exceptional interest and power, "The Tracing Board in Modern Oriental and Medieval Operative Masonry", described his experience in Southern India, where he was associated in building work with the Architect Caste, whose operations were conducted under conditions which must have closely resembled those prevailing in Syria and Palestine, when The Widow's Son of Tyre was summoned by King Solomon to assist in erecting the Temple of the Most High:

And Wyatt Papworth, who, although not a Freemason himself, took the greatest interest in all literary matters relating to the Craft, and was a frequent writer in the columns of "Ars Quatuor Coronatorum". He was the author of two essays, which will always retain a great value for students of Freemasonry. They are, "On the Superintendents of English Buildings in the Middle Ages" and "Collections for an Historical Account of Masons, Their Customs and Institutions". He was the chief contributor to the "Dictionary of Architecture", which he edited from the very beginning, and which he happily lived to complete. Few men possessed more knowledge of a special kind, and no man imparted it with truer modesty.

Sir Richard Burton, in one of his earliest works, has remarked, "Next to the Antiquary, in simplicity of mind, capacity of belief, and capability of assertion, ranks the Freemason." This picture is scarcely overdrawn, but it was thought by the founders of our literary Lodge that the jesting words of the great traveller would soon cease to apply to any Lodge of Freemasons, who in the regulation of their proceedings should determine to propose with diffidence, to conjecture with freedom, to examine with candor and to dissent with civility: "in rebus necesariis sit unitas; in non necessariis liberalitas; in omnibus, charitas".

(To be continued.)

MASONS PROMINENT IN PUBLIC LIFE

William Howard Taft

By Catherine Frances Cavanagh

ON the eve of his inauguration as President of the United States — February 18th, 1909— William Howard Taft was made a Mason at Sight in the Scottish Rite Cathedral, Cincinnati, Ohio, becoming a member of the Kilwinning Lodge, of which his father, Judge Alphonso Taft, and his two brothers, Charles and Peter, were members. The fact that Mr. Taft was made a Mason at Sight called forth questions of the propriety of the act on the part of the Grand Master of Ohio from Masons in different quarters of the country. Their objections were swiftly and judiciously answered in the March, 1909, issue of The New Age, by its editor, George Fleming Moore, 33 , in an article entitled "Making Masons at Sight", which includes a description of the ceremonies attending the initiation of William Howard Taft into the fraternity, to which the particular reader is referred. The Committee on Arrangements for the initiation of President Taft, consisting of W. B. Melish, now Grand Master of Knights Templars of the United States; Past Grand Master Goodale and Grand Secretary Brownwell of Ohio, had the article from The New Age reprinted and many hundreds copies distributed among Masons.

William Howard Taft was in his fifty-second year when he entered the ranks of Masonry. Washington, our first President, and the first notable Mason in this country, had not reached his majority when he was made a Mason by Masonic Lodge, No. 4, Fredericksburg, Va., November 4th, 1752. In a Washington's Birthday address, Feb. 22, 1907, Grand Master Quinn of the Grand Lodge of Virginia stated that, so far as was known, Washington was the only man who was made a Mason before he reached his majority; and that the only way this may be accounted for is that in his day names of candidates were given orally by a brother Mason; and Washington's appearance being so manly, and his business qualifications equal to any of the members, there was no question of his age, and his application was accepted and the degree conferred. While Washington had influential relatives and friends, such played no part in his being accepted; nor was he regarded as having any future beyond that of a surveyor and planter in Virginia at the time of his initiation. The minutes of the Lodge mention the occasion in a casual way, noting Washington's presence, but not that he received a degree. But the Lodge now cherishes the Bible on which he took the oath; the certificate or check for two pounds and three shillings, entrance fee, and the punch bowl which was used for feasts after such events.

When Washington received the second degree, 1773, the minutes referred to the fact. August 4th, 1753,

the third degree was conferred on him, and the minutes record the business of the evening together with the names of those present and their official standing. In 1777, when the Grand Lodge of Virginia was organized, Washington was made Grand Master. His youth was not a handicap, and it appears no objection was made to the selection on the ground that he was not a member of the order for as long a period as many others.

Washington was the first Master of the Alexandria Lodge, No. 22 (now Alexandria-Washington Lodge, No. 22), and was presiding over the same at the time of his death. To the rooms of this old lodge have come thousands of notable Masons to look on its Washingtonia and to reflect on the fraternal side of the Father of Our Country. Among these visitors have been other Presidents who were Masons, not the least conspicuous being Andrew Jackson, whose affiliation with the order made him a target, politically, for the anti-Masonic faction in the bitter war they waged after the disappearance of William Morgan, the imaginary martyr of their ring. Their failure to make capital by dragging Masonry into politics evidently served as a warning to others who might be inclined to do so, and though many subsequent Presidents have been Masons they have escaped the public criticism of the anti-Masonic faction —which though unorganized still exists. Now and then, some of them arise to condemn the practice of laying the cornerstones of public buildings with Masonic ceremonies—for which General Washington established a precedent when he laid the cornerstone of the United States Capitol, using the little silver trowel which is one of the priceless relics treasured in the Alexandria-Washington Lodge.

Early in President Taft's administration he became a guest of the Masons of the ancient town of Alexandria, and his name was linked doubly with that of Washington, the First President and the most prominent American Mason of his time. It was on the occasion of the 120th anniversary of the inauguration of President Washington, which was celebrated during Alexanderia's Home Coming Week, and which was considered a propitious time for the laying of the cornerstone of the monument to be erected to Washington The Citizen. April 30th, 1909, was as different a day from March 4th, 1909, as Southern roses from Northern blizzards, and as President Taft stood in the identical Court of Honor, from which he reviewed his inaugural parade in a blinding snow storm, no doubt he was as happy as the hospitable Alexandrians that sunshine and sweet spring flowers were there to emphasize his welcome to Washington's home town.

After the military and civic parade had passed in review before the President, and other notables assembled in the Court of Honor, it passed on and up to the brow of a curving hill on the outskirts of the old town, overlooking the Potomac and the bluish-green shores of Maryland. It formed the escort for the President, who had signified his desire to be present at the dedication of the monument with Masonic ceremonies, though he took no part in same, remaining a little to one side of the spot. The Alexandria-Washington Lodge laid the cornerstone, using once more the silver ivory-handled trowel closely associated with Washington and the city which bears his name.

President Taft did not make a speech on this occasion, as it was with the distinct understanding that he would not be called upon to do so that he accepted the invitation to come to Alexandria on Washington's great anniversary. However, he said, in a few sentences that, on behalf of the Vice-President and the other government officials who had come with him to Alexandria that day, he wished to express his high esteem for the manner in which they honored Washington. When the

President went back to Washington that evening he carried with him four silver medals, representing Washington as a citizen, individually as an agriculturist, a surveyor a fireman and a Mason. Without doubt, the latter medal was the first Masonic medal which President Taft possessed.

Since that initial visit, President Taft has been very friendly toward the Alexandria-Washington Masons, from his precious time sparing sufficient to attend one of its Masonic banquets and also to pose for a photograph in which he is seen wearing the historic Washington apron, which was the handiwork of Madame Lafayette. It was presented to General Washington by General Lafayette when he visited Mount Vernon in 1784. It was presented to the Lodge by Lawrence Lewis, the nephew ot Washington, in behalf of his son, Lorenzo Lewis, June 3rd, 1812.

The apron, with accompanying sash, was worn by Washington when he laid the cornerstone of the Capitol at Washington; by Payton S. Coles, Grand Master of Virginia, at the laying of the cornerstone of Yorktown Centennial Monument, and by Myron M. Parker, Grand Master of the District of Columbia, at the laying of the cornerstone of the Washington Monument, Washington, D. C. Its historical value is still further enhanced by the fact that President Taft wore it to pose for a photograph to be hung in the Alexandria-Washington Lodge in company with the portraits of General Washington and General Lafayette attired in Masonic regalia.

Naturally, President Taft has been called upon to participate in Masonic celebrations in various parts of our country, and, of course, it is impossible for him to accept even a small percentage of these invitations, no matter how much his heart may be in Masonic work. Nor yet is it possible for him to express his personal opinions on the benefits of Masonry, for the slightest allusion to these might bring down on his head the accusation that he was attempting to control the Masonic vote, and this would be a sharp weapon for the majority of his opponents, and the opponents of Masonry, who are ignorant of the fact that, as Masonry is a government in itself, it does not aim to control any political faction, nor yet influence any man's political or religious creed.

President Taft has come out strongly for arbitration and the peace of the nations of the earth. If he were to express it his opinion that Masonry can do much to bring about international peace he would be advancing no new theory, for other great Masons in many parts of the world have long held that belief, though no special plan was made to promulgate it, other than that they strove to emphasize the greatest tenet of Masonry, Brotherly Love, which regards the human race as one family, created by one Almighty Parent, and, therefore, bound by the highest of laws to live in peace with one another. This fundamental principle of Masonry is a strong, if quiet, force which has been working untold good for many years, and though it may continue to work unostensibly as it has in the past there is no question but that it will materially aid the public who has come out on the platform, and by the press, to appeal to all men for universal peace.

On the 12th of last May, President Taft paid a flying visit to Newark, N. J., to participate in the celebration in connection with the 150th anniversary of St. John's Lodge, F. and A. M. Newark was decorated with banners and flags to welcome him, and the entire city seemed to join in this important Masonic celebration. That President Taft considered it an auspicious occasion was evidenced in his speech, which we reproduce with authority from the White House.

It is stated that President Taft was the first President to sit in a Masonic Lodge in the National Capitol since the time when Garfield hon-

ored the Temple Lodge, No. 32, by a visit, though McKinley and Roosevelt were Masons. On one occasion it was noised about that President Roosevelt would attend Lodge meeting but such a crowd turned out that the President changed his mind.

President Taft fared better when, on April 22nd, 1909, he decided to visit the Temple, for his advent was unheralded. He left one of the theaters, where he was attending with Mrs. Taft, and motored down the several blocks to the Temple, about 9 o'clock, and remained about an hour, witnessing the conferring of the third degree upon Frank S. Sperry, Assistant U. S. Attorney for the District of Columbia, and Benjamin S. Newbold of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. For this occasion there was more than the ordinary attendance, and the majority of them congratulated themselves on the fact that in coming for it they were also treated to the spectacle of a President of the United States in attendance at a Masonic meeting.

The President was vouched for by Grand Master Harry K. Simpson of the District of Columbia, and it is reported he said, as he shook hands with the Grand Master, "I am very glad, indeed, that you are here to get me in", just as the most humble of citizens might express his gratitude for the friend who opens the door locked against strangers. It is also reported that the secret service men who accompanied the President "had to cool their heels outside of the lodge room" during the period the President was engaged therein. This short visit which the President enjoyed at the lodge, immune from wordly affairs, suggested to some the idea that it would be a very good place for the President to come to "find himself" apart from the great throng which is always pressing hard on his heels, and the clamoring voices which seem to begrudge him even an iota of what he wishes realized—universal peace.

Address of President Taft on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of St. John's Lodge, F. A. A. M., Newark, N. J., May 13, 1911. (As given to the press and as delivered.)

Masonry aims at the promotion of morality and higher living by the cultivation of the social side of man, the rousing in him of the instincts of charity, and the love of his kind. It rests surely on the foundation of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

The establishment of a lodge of Free Masons one hundred and fifty years ago, near this spot, in a village numbering then but two thousand souls, was an event of the highest social and moral importance to that community; and its continuance for a century and a half, its maintenance as a living force in the growth of that village to this magnificent city, are proper subjects of congratulation and commemoration.

One hundred and fifty years mark a change in this country in conditions that is staggering in its statistical review, and full of intense interest in the political mutations by which a straggling set of colonies, with a population of but three millions, have severed their relations from the mother country and have developed the greatest republic of ancient or modern times, with a government that responds to the popular will of 90,000,000 souls—a government that is stable because of the stability of the people whose government it is—a people who have learned the lessons of self-restraint, without which popular government can not be a success, but a people who still have the progressive spirit prompting them to seek improvement where improvement may be possible but with the capacity for that second sober thought which bids them adhere to their ancient institutions as long as they serve them well.

St. John's Lodge shared with the people of this community the dangers and exigencies of the Colonial

days, of the War of the Revolution, and the subsequent trials to which New Jersey and the country were exposed. It is said that during the Revolutionary days the furniture of the lodge was carried to the Revolutionary Army, and that there Washington, then the Commander-in-Chief, took part in the ceremonies of the lodge. This is one of its well-formed traditions that the lodge members may well cherish and pride themselves on. The account that we have of the establishment of the lodge in 1795 in the quarters given them in the New Academy—a right to which they had acquired by their contributions to the cause of education—shows that the whole community regarded the prosperity of the lodge as part of the prosperity of the town, and that its inauguration of a new home called for the active interest and enthusiastic expression of Masons and non-Masons who lived in the neighborhood and knew its influence for good.

We are a comparatively new country. Few of the things we cherish antedate the Constitution of the United States. When we find associations or institutions of a beneficent character that have proved their usefulness so as to live longer than that, and to be a century and a half old, it is proper that all of us should pay tribute and join in a centennial birthday celebration and confirm the evidence of a life of usefulness that a prosperous existence after so long a period assures. The presence of this large and enthusiastic body of the citizens of Newark indicates the pride that you take in the fact that a lodge of such antiquity has its seat in your city.

I did not come here to make a speech, either upon Masonry in general or upon St. John's Lodge in particular. I came here that by my presence I might testify to the respect I feel for such a worthy association, and that I might convey my congratulations to its members on its long life of love and charity and to express the hope to them that they and their successors may continue to maintain this historical association, so that the successors of mine in the Presidency fifty and a hundred years hence may seize the opportunity, as I have, to come to New Jersey and to Newark to take part in the commemorative festival.

IN THE LISTS

I would move onward ever
Along thy way, O Life,
Tireless in strong endeavor,
Foremost in manly strife—
Would join the ranks of faction,
And cope with loss and pain
If in the lists of action
Were yet some hope of gain.
Not mine in ease to languish—
I would know storm and stress;
Would front the care and anguish
To clasp the happiness.

—*E. C. Dolson.*

JOHN TENNALT, FREEMASON

By Isi Fischer

HE first attracted my attention on my visit to the Lodge by his ubiquity: really, he seemed to occupy all the stations in rotation: now he was the Junior Deacon—Master of Ceremonies—Senior Deacon—Junior Warden—Senior Warden—and then I wondered if he would go to the East.

But the Worshipful Master occupied that station and conferred the Degree; and I sought for information in a whisper from my neighbor.

"Who is my active and competent brother?" said I casually.

"Oh, he is 'the defeated candidate'," he answered.

"Why, he does not appear to be a 'sorehead'," said I, "but rather an agreeable person and quite competent to perform what work he attempts. What is the story?"

And here it is as 'twas told to me.

The Lodge had prospered and then fallen on evil days—and during this period of depression, when all seemed gloomy, John Tennalt joined the ranks. From the first night of his initiation he proved to be an enthusiast; he possessed a wonderful faculty for acquiring the ritualistic work and, what was far better, he practised faithfully the beautiful tenets which he had been taught.

Office was tendered to him, for there was a dearth of material and his help would have been of great advantage, but he modestly refused, although quite willing to volunteer and capable of service in any emergency.

Although the Lodge was not aware of the fact, he had struggled for a long time to save enough to gratify his ambition to become a Mason, and now he could barely spare the amounts necessary for dues and incidentals.

But his was a courageous and cheerful nature and when need arose he was always dependable.

At the sick bed, he was a comforter; at death, he proved a consoler; in trouble, he was a staff; and in sorrow, he was a pillar of strength. And the few brethren who knew his worth and respected his integrity loved him for his virtues.

But the dismal days of stress for the Lodge passed from it and prosperity came in full measure, with numerous additions to the membership and ambitious aspirants for office, where heretofore it had been difficult to persuade anyone to accept a station, there were now discontent and dissension because of a superfluity of candidates.

Men who were accustomed to recognition in the profane world could not understand a system which relegated them to obscurity while their employes were elevated to be their superiors in the Lodge.

They adapted themselves with difficulty to a conception of the methods which would win them the recognition which they craved—but once determined to win, they did not hesitate.

All the arts and wiles of practical men were brought into play: for fair woman does not have a monopoly of cajolery.

Money was freely spent—"hospitality" prevailed—all were invited to participate—none was excluded—true "brotherly love" dictated that all should join in fraternal gatherings—and the total expense was borne by the member who aimed for power.

Those who had learned their Masonic lessons in the school of adversity and had been purified by service, felt out of place in these assemblages and declined the invitations for fear of losing their self-respect. So they lapsed into what the others

termed a merited obscurity and the glory of the new departure blazed forth refulgently.

The election proved the truth of the adage that "bees love honey"; and the popular idol who had disbursed so extravagantly to encourage "hospitality" was elected from the floor to the West: unfortunately the "Law" based on ancient tradition required previous service to reach the coveted East. But what is a short year to glowing and triumphant ambition?

The older members felt as strangers in their home and they resolved on a revolt although realizing its futility.

At the next election they requested John Tennalt to be their candidate of protest for the West: to vindicate principle; and although he felt that it was unjust to ask him to make the sacrifice he consented.

Of course, the result was what he had foreseen, and so he became "the defeated candidate"; to be ridiculed by the successful partisans, who understood little of the things to which they were pledged by their obligations.

But despite the censure which they heaped upon him he had not swerved from a regular attendance at every communication; a faithful attention to his Masonic duties and an unbending adherence to the principal tenets of "brotherly love, relief and truth".

And when the usual thing happened and the attendance at the meetings became slimmer and those who were elected or appointed to office neglected their duties; when, despite all efforts to attract the members who now numbered hundreds, it was found impossible to secure enough to fill all the stations on "District Deputy" night; then the Worshipful Master found in John Tennalt, "the defeated candidate", a contented and valuable substitute to fight the battle for the drafted deserter.

When the Lodge called "from labor to refreshment" I honored myself by an introduction to this exponent of true Masonry and congratulated him with sincerity and heartiness—he was a veritable child of Our Father.

"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

COMFORT OF HOPE

At home are they—my dead I dare not weep!
Theirs now the life where from all glories pour
Which light the long way mounting to the door
Which smiling Death sets wide. I, climbing, creep
In pain, the path before me rough and steep;
And still enslaved, I bear the chains they wore:
But they are free; all good theirs evermore;
Their work sweet growth as children grow in sleep.
So I rejoice that they have found release
And toil no more in darkness, though withdrawn
From me a little while. Now, old and tired,
I bare my brow, and lift calm eyes of peace,
Like a night-workman when he feels the dawn,
Looking toward home and love so long desired!

—*Stokely S. Fisher.*

SONG OF THE BELL-TOWER

In a gray and somber hospice,
(This was long and long ago)
Dwelt an order of the Knighthood,
Far from pomp and worldly show.

And anear the ancient hospice—
Ancient even long ago—
Hung a bell within a tower,
And a trailing rope below.

And whoever was in trouble,
In those days of long ago,
Oor from worldly want or sickness,
Or from spiritual woe,

Came and pulled the trailing bell-rope,
('Twas a custom long ago)
Calling forth the knightly brothers,
All with charity aglow.

Then, with gentle aid and kindly,
These true knights of long ago
Gladly helped the suppliant ringer
Gird anew to meet the foe.

Down the corridors of ages
Rolls an echo of that bell,
Tolling from a thousand towers—
List ye! Brothers, list ye well!

—Ernest Kenway Walker.

House of the Temple of the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree, A. & A. S. R. of F., for the Southern Jurisdiction, U. S. A.

Office of the Sovereign Grand Commander

Washington, D. C., September 1st, 1911.

The Grand Commander has announced the following as the Committees for the Session of the Supreme Council, 1911:

Jurisprudence and Legislation: Inspectors George F. Moore, 33°; Henry M. Teller, 33°; Charles F. Buck, 33°; A. C. Stewart, 33°; John H. Cowles, 33°.

Finance: Inspectors Samuel E. Adams, 33°; John W. Morris, 33°; H. C. Alverson, 33°; William Busby, 33°.

Nominations: Inspectors Charles E. Rosenbaum, 33°; Gustave Anderson, 33°; E. B. Hussey, 33°; H. C. Plumley, 33°.

Foreign Relations: Inspectors John F. Mayer, 33°; Gustave Anderson, 33°; A. C. Stewart, 33°.

Doings of Subordinate Bodies: Inspectors A. L. Fitzgerald, 33°; E. T. Taubman, 33°; H. C. Plumley, 33°; William Busby, 33°.

Correspondence: Inspectors John H. Cowles, 33°; John W. Morris, 33°; William L. Boyden, 33° Hon.

Doings of Inspectors and Deputies: Inspectors F. M. Foote, 33°; J. W. Cortland, 33°; H. C. Plumley, 33°.

State of Order and Unfinished Business: Inspectors J. W. Cortland, 33°; E. T. Carr, 33°; William Busby, 33°.

Obituaries: Inspectors E. T. Carr, 33°; E. T. Taubman, 33°; F. M. Foote, 33°.

Library and Building: Inspectors E. T. Taubman, 33°; A. L. Fitzgerald, 33°; S. E. Adams, 33°.

Fraternal Assistance and Education: Inspectors H. M. Teller, 33°; George F. Moore, 33°; M. R. Grant, 33°.

Grievances and Appeals: Inspectors E. B. Hussey, 33°; H. M. Teller, 33°; J. H. Cowles, 33°.

The Committees on Jurisprudence and Legislation, on Finance, and on Nominations, are hereby called to meet in the House of the Temple, on Tuesday, October 10th, and all the other Committees on Thursday, October 12th, 1911.

JAMES D. RICHARDSON,
Grand Commander.

Attest:
STERLING KERR, JR., 33° HON.,
Secretary-General.

House of the Temple of the Supreme Council of the 33d Degree
Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, S. J. U. S. A.
433 Third Street N. W.

Office of the Sovereign Grand Commander

Orient of Washington, D. C.,
August 28, 1911.

TO THE SOVEREIGN GRAND INSPECTORS GENERAL, AND DEPUTIES OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL:

The Grand Commander calls the attention of the Inspectors General and the Deputies of the Supreme Council to the fact that they have not all complied with the law which requires notice of the death of an Inspector General Honorary to be promptly given to the Secretary General. The law further requires that an official notice of such death shall be published by the Inspector General or Deputy, as the case may be, and sent to the Brethren and Bodies of his jurisdiction, and further that five copies of such notice be sent to the Secretary General, for the files of the Council.

The Secretary of a Body which has lost an Inspector General Honorary since the last session of the Council is directed to send to the Secretary General a photograph of the deceased, that his picture may appear with the next Transactions of the Council.

And may our Father who is in Heaven have you always in His Holy Keeping.

JAMES D. RICHARDSON,
Grand Commander.

Attest:

STERLING KERR, JR., 33° HON.,
Secretary General:

GRAND LODGE OF MISSISSIPPI
F. & A. M.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER
John S. Brooks, M. D., Grand Master

LULA, MISS., July 27, 1911.

TO ALL LODGES AND MEMBERS UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MISSISSIPPI:

Having Lawful Masonic information that an organization, known as the Cerneau Rite of Scottish Masonry, has been trying to organize Lodges of Perfection, in the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi.

In view of the fact that this Rite has been declared irregular, illegal and unlawful, since 1806, and from that date until the present, about forty-six Grand Lodges in the United States have refused to recognize this Cerneau Rite as regular or legitimate, and have refused to enter into fraternal relation with it.

This Cerneau Rite, has not been, nor is now, in fraternal correspondence with, or recognized by, any of the twenty-six Supreme Councils of the World, and which was acknowledged by Mr. Bayliss on the witness stand in open court, in New Orleans, in May, 1911.

Therefore, I, John S. Brooks, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, A. F. & A. M., declare that this Grand Jurisdiction does not recognize, as regular, any organization posing as Scottish Rite Masons, except the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction, established at Charleston, S. C., in 1801, and the Supreme Council of the Northern Jurisdiction, established in 1813, and the Supreme Councils recognized by and in Fraternal relations with the above named Supreme Councils of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

I further order, that all Brethren, Free and Accepted Masons, of this Grand Jurisdiction, who may have become members of this irregular and illegitimate rite, or ANY other clandestine body, claiming to be Masonic, sever their membership with such clandestine body, within 60 days from this date, or be subjected to Masonic trial, and punishment inflicted in conformity with Masonic Law, in such cases made and provided.

I further order, that any Subordinate Lodge in the Grand Jurisdiction of Mississippi, shall at once, upon sufficient evidence to convict, prefer charges and specifications, and proceed to try ANY Brother, residing or

sojourning, within its Jurisdiction, who shall attempt to organize Lodges of Perfection, or attempt to confer any Degrees, purporting to be Masonic, and not recognized by this Grand Jurisdiction, and if found guilty as charged, shall expel him, under Rule 3 of Rules Relating to Masonic Discipline, and adopted by this Grand Jurisdiction.

I further declare, that the action taken by Greenwood Lodge, No. 135, in preferring charges against Bro. H. G. Kitchell, a member of that Lodge, for affiliating with that Spurious Rite, and which resulted in his expulsion, was the only correct and legitimate course it could have pursued.

The Grand Lodge, very unwisely, and while under the influence of eloquent appeals from the attorney representing Mr. Kitchell, voted to set aside the decision of Greenwood Lodge, and in doing so has only complicated the situation. The Grand Lodge cannot, under Section 5 of the Constitution, restore Bro. Kitchell to membership in Greenwood Lodge; it can only restore him to the rights and benefits of Masonry, and his status now is that of a non-affiliate, and to obtain a membership in any lodge in this Grand Jurisdiction, he must file his application for membership, accompanied by a Certificate from the Grand Secretary, in lieu of a Dimit, and pass the ordeal of the ballot in regular form, as prescribed by the laws of this Grand Jurisdiction, and published in its Code of Laws.

These orders shall remain in full force until abrogated or indorsed by the Grand Lodge at its next Annual Communication in February, 1912, and as there is a Resolution now pending, to be acted upon by that Body, at that time, I will not enter upon a thorough discussion of this question till the presentation of that Resolution.

Now, in view of the fact that the Grand Lodge acted hastily and without due consideration, I will hold in abeyance its decision, and recommend that Brother Kitchell shall not be permitted to affiliate with Greenwood Lodge until the Grand Lodge has had an opportunity to deliberate on this question with the care and consideration its importance demands.

Fraternally submitted,

JOHN S. BROOKS,
Grand Master.

Attested:

FREDERIC GORDON SPEED,
Acting Grand Secretary.

"OVER THEIR HEADS"

A Study in Anti-Education---Cause and Effect

The following remarks are based on the author's actual observation from within the ranks of both Masonry and "Fraternal Secret Orders", as well as from personal interviews with a large number of Masons in both American and Scottish rites.

What is Masonry?

"The science of Morality, veiled in Allegory and illustrated by Symbols."

What is a lodge?

The school wherein that science is taught by allegory and symbol.

Are you a Mason? Have you "learned to subdue your passions"? Have you "improved yourself in Masonry"?

These are pertinent questions which every Mason should ask himself and answer truthfully. If the answer be in the negative is it not proper to ask "Why?"

IT is to be presumed that no Mason is so ignorant that he will disagree with the definitions given above, nor that he is so vain as to believe that, in having passed through the allegorical ceremonies of the lodge, he has become a perfect and complete Mason with all that term implies in the way of knowledge and self control.

It has been the custom "from time immemorial" for older and experienced men to poke gentle fun at the college graduate who imagines that, because of his attainments in college, his diploma certifying that he has finished a prescribed course in the arts and sciences and has reviewed some two dozen text books upon the subject, that he "knows it all" and is ready and able to reform the world according to his supposed vast erudition.

So there are a class of Masons who have long since received their degree of "Master", certifying that they have finished a prescribed course in the text book work of allegory and symbolism, who may be pardoned some degree of amusement when their newly made brothers, who have never had any experience or studied anything beyond the ritual, profess to have "learned it all" and to be ready to advise men older in the science than themselves.

The ritual Mason who remains merely a ritual Mason was actually told upon the conference of his degree that he has now "received all of ancient craft Masonry". He takes this expression to mean literally that he "knows it all" and that nothing is hidden from him.

In the words of Bro. Henry Wingate, Grand Master of Kentucky, delivered to the Grand Lodge in 1843, the condition of Masonry today may be well described as follows. The present tense is used where he used the past.

"The elevated standard of morality is in too many instances practically lowered. Many of the members are deficient in the very forms of Masonry, and seem not at all to enter into its spirit and real character. In this condition of numerical strength and moral imbecility, lynx-eyed political stock jobbers and gamblers can hardly fail to perceive the weakened state of the adhesive

principle among the craft, and the easy practicability of turning the fact to good account in the advancement of their selfish purposes."

Could a truer or more stinging rebuke be administered to-day? Hundreds of thousands of Masons in this country look only to the great numerical growth of the lodges and not at all to their moral obligations to the rest of mankind in assisting their progress in civilization and the evolution of the human soul.

Yet when their duty is pointed out to them by an educational magazine exclusively directed and controlled by members of the craft it seems that they resent it. This may be "human nature", as David Harum might say, but it is not Masonic.

Articles written to improve their minds in Masonry, to make them think of morality and personal responsibility, are met with the complaint that they are "written over the heads of the craft!" So might the young engineer just fresh from his university complain that articles in a technical magazine, written by men old and experienced in the profession, were written "over his head".

In seeking for the cause of such an attitude of mind among men who are supposed to have been worthy and well qualified, duly and truly prepared before being intrusted with the peculiar instruction given within the lodge, it has forcibly struck the writer that one, though not the only one, of these causes is to be found in the interest shown by Masons in many other fraternal orders, usually of the insurance type.

Lest this be construed by hasty brothers into an attack upon these orders, allow me to say at the outset that I am a member of several of them myself, and know of no better field of work for the true Mason than among them.

Viewed dispassionately, however, it appears that the average Mason is generally impressed with the fact that the rituals of all these societies and orders are derived directly or indirectly from the Masonic ritual.

One organization, for example, was "founded by nine Royal Arch Masons", and the Royal Arch Mason readily recognizes the fact from the symbolism and ritual of the degree. In every one of them he observes that the oath of initiation is but an adaptation of one of the Masonic oaths. As the late Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky, the "Silver Tongued Orator", expressed it when asked to join a certain popular order, by some Masons "never go down stream to drink".

But those who do, and they constitute the vast majority of the craft, are constantly excited with the similarity of the tenets and rituals, the signs and symbols of the fraternal orders, and learn to speak enthusiastically of the "benefits" to be received in the way of insurance, sick committees and orphan asylums, forgetting that these material benefits have followed from the Masonic origin of the order, whose originators were attempting to live some of their Masonry in this life.

Hence, to these "down stream drinkers", who measure the value of an order by the material benefits it can confer for the least amount of money paid in, it is but natural that they come in time to regard "Masonry" as merely the fountain-head of ritualism, symbolism and fraternity.

For them, indeed, instruction of any character higher than formal ceremony goes over their heads and even when this "over their heads" instruction causes them to "look up" and recognize it as "higher", they are so blind as to imagine that it can have nothing to do with subduing the passions and improving them in Masonry. Consequently, there are two classes of Masons: the ones who are on the higher level and the ones on the lower. Occasionally it occurs to some craftsman on the lower level that the two planes are not detached and he climbs the Masonic ladder to mingle with the more enlightened.

Very often old Masons have told me that they belonged to a great many orders in their younger days, but as they grew old and more contemplative they saw more in Masonry" and clung to it alone.

Within the lodge the Mason receives the keys to much knowledge in symbol and allegory. He is advised as to how he may improve himself. But these things he must do for himself. He has all the material and working tools at his command. The designs are on the trestle board for him. He has received the necessary technical instruction for the building of a magnificent temple for his own soul—the temple of human character. At first he is fascinated with the beauty of the design. Then he looks around him and, finding every one else engaged in a like occupation of sitting still and admiring without any thought of activity, becomes disgusted and henceforth looks upon Masonry as a very good social order but nothing more.

Here is where instruction is needed. This man is not a craftsman but a drone, a dillitante, an idler. Because no one else is engaged in building he objects to laboring himself. Alas! the loss is his alone.

No logical and sincere man can become a "Mason" through ceremony, without being impressed with the fact that these ceremonies must have some message, some meaning for him. If he will take the trouble and time to investigate he will recall that he obligated himself to certain duties and declared on his honor that he wished to learn to subdue his passions and improve himself in Masonry with no other motive than the unselfish one of enabling himself to better care for himself and family and assist his brothers. These brothers, he is taught, are all mankind.

He is urged to pay due attention to the liberal arts and sciences as one method of elevating himself. Yet he objects to literature or art and science finding its way into his Masonic journals on the ground that they are too abstruse and difficult for him to understand. Truly, to many of the brothers who do not seem to be able to write their own names or spell the simplest words correctly, such articles must appear as innovations of the most vicious sort.

Then, every Mason points to the fact that the ceremonies and symbols contain instruction as to a future life beyond the grave, but let his Masonic journal print the views of investigators with relation to the spirit, soul, psychology, aspirations, desires, or in comparative religion and philosophy, and he complains that it not only goes over his head but is uninteresting and outside the pale of Masonry!

If articles are written giving information of an antiquarian nature concerning past beliefs, or of an archæological or historical character, referring to the gradual evolution of moral science, or upon symbolism, to explain its exact method of illustrating the "mysteries" of human thought and Masonic allegory, or upon curious beliefs and cults arising from philosophy and religion built upon the Masonic foundation of Brotherhood of Man and the consequent Fatherhood of God, all these are attacked also as "pagan" or "mystic" or some other awful word.

For myself, when I became a Mason through the grace of ceremony and the confidence of my brothers that I was duly and truly prepared, worthy and well qualified, my instruction and understanding was that the Lodge symbolized the world or the universe; that Masonry was the science which would enable me to investigate this world's phenomena, since Masonry was Geometry or earth measurement. I was to survey the entire lodge and come to an understanding of the art of building so that I might build for myself, as a Master Builder, a temple of character in which I and all the craft might take a just pride.

Consequently, I have always la-

bored under the impression that to subdue my own passions was the first requisite toward laying the foundation for this temple. The manner of doing this is exactly illustrated in the symbols and the result of not doing so is clearly shown in the ceremonies. Upon this foundation I supposed that I was to build my temple and have never for an instant supposed any one was going to do it for me, or could if they would.

Then it seemed to me as clear as the noonday sun that, if I intended to build, I had better be gathering materials and learning something about practical architecture. Money can procure materials and workmen for a physical building, but so far as my own personal observation has gone I have found no way to purchase spiritual materials and vicarious workmen.

Then what materials are needed? Certainly a "sound mind in a sound body", as I was told. Mental activity, study of the arts and sciences, of the thoughts of others—all mental recreations and labors, are of use in building the mind. Nothing should be allowed to "go over my head". As for the sound body, why is not the Mason well within the curriculum of Masonic study to learn something of the various medical and healing schools, of hygiene, calesthenics, nature - cure, diatetics, healthful sports and amusements, in fact, of all the physical activities of life?

It would probably surprise some of the drones and know-it-alls if they knew how many thousands (among the earth's millions) of Masons really hold to and follow out such ideas. Instead of regarding the ceremonies, allegories and symbols as some strange and arbitrary conglomeration of ritualistic junk they are studying and using them intelligently and with entirely satisfactory results to themselves.

These Masons are comparatively few among the vast numbers of the craft, but, despite their amusement at the ignorant protests of those they would help, they cannot refrain from great concern at the gradual drift of the fraternity as a whole toward narrowness and bias.

In America we have built up a Masonic system we call the York Rite, although its proper name is the American Rite. In England and Scotland, Masonry is given a somewhat different form, though still completely in accord with our American system. So it comes about that we have the "Masonry" of all English speaking peoples growing more and more liberal toward each other but less and less liberal toward the "Masonry" of the Latin and other races. So much for universality. What is the cause?

Precisely this regard of "ritualism" as Masonry.

It is toward the ideal of "Universal Masonry" that the Scottish Rite has labored for more than one hundred years. It has established The New Age as its official organ in the Southern Jursdiction for the sole purpose of education along this line. It proposes to call the attention of its readers to just what Masonry really is. It also proposes to demonstrate the difference between the form and the spirit of Masonry so that its readers may understand the difference between "spurious" and "Clandestine" Masonry and the true Masonry. Also to explain the apparently un-Masonic action of its own and other "regular rites" in not "recognizing" the Cerneau Masons, the Negro Masons, and other varieties of so-called Masons whose lodges have the same forms and ceremonies as its own with slight differences. And it runs against the stone wall of ignorance concerning the meaning and spirit of the ceremonies and symbols!

What is there to distinguish the Negro system, the Cerneau system, or in fact any other clandestine "rite or form" of Masonry from those of the "regular" American rites unless it be sincerity and truth? How can we be regular and sincere when we teach that Masonry is a science and

yet act as though it were a ritual? How can we arrive at the truth unless we divest our minds of all the vices and superfluities of life and without bias and prejudice investigate for ourselves what we are told of the spiritual rewards which follow the living of a Masonic life?

Education in Masonry is very far from being ended upon the completion of ceremonial initiation. If this had been true there would never have been any "higher degrees" than the first three of the Blue Lodge.

For by observing that many of the craft did not understand the meaning and intention of the Blue Lodge degrees and were not able to appreciate their significance, portions of these degrees were eliminated and expanded from time to time into other degrees. And yet two hundred years experience has taught us that even this cannot help matters when Masons look upon ritualism as the science of Masonry.

—*J. W. N.*

FREEDOM OF THE SPIRIT

O may I read God's laws aright
And see His heart in each command.
Grant me to see Him, though unseen,
To feel through life His guiding hand.

Thus seeing with the eye of faith,
And trusting well each true desire,
May I mount upward from the earth
To spheres that better are and higher.

With pity, not with scorn, may I
Behold the niggard souls that cling
To man-made laws with cringing fear
When it is time to rule and sing.

So come, ye men of heavenly minds,
Your souls' inheritance reclaim.
Go forward in the cause of truth
To honor better Freedom's name.

—*Daniel Hugh Verder.*

CORRESPONDENCE AND DISCUSSION

Grand Master Block of Iowa Informs a Cerneau that He is Absolutely Clandestine in that State

(Copy)

CINEMATOGRAPH PUBLISHING CO.

Alfred H. Saunders, Pres., 30 W. 13th St.
James A. Wilkins, Sec'y., New York City
W. A. Potingale, Treas., Tel. 4092 Chelsea

New York, July 27th, 1911.

The Grand Master, State of Iowa, Waterloo, Iowa.

Most Worshipful Sir and Brother:

In the interest of the little publication which I edit, and also on the subject of educational films, it is my purpose in the fall to take a flying trip round the States. Naturally I would like to visit a few of the Lodges in the districts where I call. Making known my intention to one or two friends, I thought I would like advice from you concerning their remarks. I wish to say that I am an English Mason in good standing in King Solomon Lodge, No. 2029, held at Freemason's Hall, London. I was a member of the Mark, Provincial Mark, Chapter, and Provincial Chapter, which I dimitted on coming to America, retaining my lodge membership in my mother Lodge. I am a member in good standing of Tyrian Chapter, 219, Empire Comamndery, 66, Port Richmond and Mecca Shrine, New York. This will give you my status.

In addition to this, I joined, on recommendation from a friend in Ireland, and another high official in England, the Cerneau body, A. S. S. R.

Thus placing before you my position, I want to ask you how I will be received in the Lodges in your jurisdiction as an English Mason and representing English Masonry, which holds that all Masonry ceases with the degree of Master Mason. Masonry as originated in England in 1717 knows nothing of the higher degrees. This is left to every member's individual conscience.

The favor of your reply will be much esteemed by

Yours fraternally,
Alfred H. Saunders.

(Copy)

August 15th, 1911.

Mr. Alfred H. Saunders, 30 W. 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir and Brother:

Your letter of July 27th last has been duly referred to me by Past Grand Master Martin for a reply. I can not conceive what the "high official in England" could have had in mind when he recommended you to join the Cerneau body of the A. & A. S. R. in this country. That body, as far as Iowa is concerned at least, is under the positive ban of our Grand Lodge laws and is absolutely clandestine, and we can not in this State recognize either it or a member of it in any way.

We have no time for the contention in this State that Masonry ceases with the degree of Master Mason and knows nothing of the higher degrees, as we have positive Grand Lodge legislation on this subject.

I can not conceive how you can make the fact that you are a member of this Cerneau body public without meeting with a great deal of opposition from the Craft wherever you may go throughout the United States.

It is greatly to be regretted that you have received such unfortunate advice and that the high official who gave it to you was as poorly informed as to Masonic conditions in this country.

While it may not be within my province to give you advice, if I were you I would certainly renounce my Cerneau connections at once and become "healed" in the regular organization.

If you desire some further information on this subject, I would respectfully refer you to my friend, Brother George F. Moore, Editor of the Masonic magazine known as The New Age, whose office is at No. 1 Madison Avenue in your city.

Fraternally yours,
Louis Block,
Grand Master.

See Editorial entitled "Cerneauism"

A Real Mason's Opinion of The New Age

Editor New Age.

Dear Sir and Brother: Allow me to thank you for your editorial in the August issue on those Masons who complain that New Age articles of a Masonic nature are written "over the heads" of "the other fellow". It has brought considerable comfort to at least one occasional writer I know.

From a careful inspection of the pages of your magazine for the past two years it seems to me that you have included in your list of contributors fair samples of every kind of writer and every kind of literature that could possibly appeal to the average Mason, the studious Mason, or any other kind of Mason that could be appealed to at all. If some of the matter of these contributors "goes over the heads" of some of the readers it seems to me to do so in much the same fashion the rich but ignorant American tourist for the first time heard a small French child talking to its mother. "Now just look there," says the American to his companion; "here I have been studying French for six months under the best teachers in America and that child can speak it better than I can."

I imagine that the class of articles the grumblers are fearful the other fellow can't understand are not the excellent historical sketches based upon "documentary evidence", for the authors of such are unusually painstaking in separating mere speculation from known facts and written records so that even a child may understand. Nor do I suppose they mean the articles on the most recent discoveries in physical science couched in the language of "popular science", without technicalities, for there are a number of magazines with nation-wide circulation, and even daily newspapers, which are full of such matter, some being devoted exclusively to it. And all these are read and easily understood by everyone, Mason and non-Mason, from the humblest laborer to the most skilled mechanic or the most highly educated man of science.

You have another class of contributors against whom the complaint seems directed with a semblance of justice. These are the men (and women) who are endeavoring to call the attention of your readers to something more in life than speculative philosophy and religion; to something more than dates and statistics; to something grander and nobler than form and ceremony.

Especially does this apply to those men and Masons who are striving to portray the "Spirit of Masonry" and the spiritual side of Natural phenomena as distinguished from the "Rituals of Masonry" and the physical forms and manifestations of these same Natural phenomena.

Some try to accomplish their purpose by moral essays—sermons if you will; some by suggestions made after the "speculative method" of those they seek to awaken, and some by other methods, such as seem best to them.

No doubt a great deal of all this is "written over the heads" of the

average Mason. But this very thing "makes him look up". If his interest can be awakened in Masonry as understood by these writers and by thousands of other Masons, who insist that Masonry is something vastly more than form and ceremony, then certainly by continued "looking up" he will become more elevated in mind and character until he too has joined the ranks of those who believe that "Masonry is the science of Morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbol".

Then he will desire to know something of those allegories and symbols; how to penetrate the veils and understand the meaning of the symbols.

Speaking as one who has been much exercised and puzzled over the very question as applied to himself, and who knows he has often been regarded as a "visionary" with a "hobby", I can truthfully say that in my opinion there is not a writer of this character against whom the above mentioned charge has been made of "writing over (the other fellow's) his head" that would not gladly and willingly reduce his ideas to simpler and more elemental language if it were possible to him.

It is not always possibe for the mathematician to instruct in as simple language as he might use, owing to his own inability to comprehend the limitations of his student. Writing in a magazine of the character and standing of The New Age, the author of an article on symbolism, for example, is apt to consider all its readers as rather above the average intelligence and education of the body of the craft—otherwise, he thinks, they would not have become subscribers. It is to such men that he addresses his remarks, for he possibly believes that if he confined himself always to the most elemental primer and A, B, C language and explanation the man of some initiative and originality of thought would soon pass over his writing as something he already had deciphered for himself.

Education means constant progression—not standing still or moving backward. There are hundreds and thousands in ever increasing numbers who have been started from their lethargy of self satisfaction on the road to self examination and desire for real knowledge and light by reading articles "written over their heads", but not so far over their heads that they cannot see some glimmerings of the truth—enough to want more.

When once the active idea of "doing something" and finding out the truth or falsity of a thing for himself has penetrated the cranium of the "average Mason" he finds himself face to face with the great question, "Am I really a Master Mason after all?" If he has the real Masonic Spirit he will learn by experience that to become what he had fondly imagined ceremony and ritualism had already made him, he must travel a long and rugged road and must work and live the life of a Mason every step of the way.

This is the purpose, so it seems to me, that all writers who write over the other fellow's head are hoping to accomplish, and, judging from what I personally know of results, I believe are accomplishing.

Fraternally yours,

J. W. Norwood.

THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY

By Edouard Quartier-la-Tente

Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge Swiss Alpina and Editor of the Bulletin of the International Bureau of Masonic Affairs

(*Continued from the August Number*)

AS my old friend Tempels again says: "The Masonic truth lies in the simultaneous observation of the following two rules: 1. Avoid every irritating question in politics or religion. 2. Broach, however, every question that is of interest to man." The reconciliation of these two principles create the character that is peculiar to Masonry, *viz.*: the sacrifice of the one to the other is to lose one's compass and to miss the goal.

But to this tolerance the Mason, who is already in possession of the true Masonic spirit, adds the spirit of progress. By its ideas and principles Masonry is progressive, and tends to improve all human conditions. Its very essence is progress, for does it not impose upon its members the duty of working out their own education? In proportion as the latter become better, the world will improve. In its essential principle, it arms Masons to act in the midst of society by pointing out to them the object to be attained. Freemasonry is, therefore, vigorous activity that is progress.

Jean Baptist van Helmont, a Belgian, preached the doctrine of perfection in all departments. This doctrine, which tends to the calling forth of improvements in all human activity is truly Masonic.

Among Masons who have shown themselves to be convinced partisans of progress are Voltaire, Lessing and Condorcet. Those were powerful words of Condorcet when he said: "Is there not a boundary where the natural limits of our mind would render all progress impossible?" No; for as light increases, the methods of teaching are improved; the human mind seems to grow, and the boundaries to recede. Has not the improvement of the laws, of public institutions, and of the progress of science the effect of bringing closer together and of identifying the common interest of each man with the common interests of all. Masonry has imposed upon itself a task—a mission. It is a question of nothing less than the rebuilding of society on an entirely new basis, which shall be more in accordance with the present conditions of the means of communication, of situation and production, as well as of a reform of right, of a complete renewal of the principle of existence, especially of the principle of community and of the relations of men among one another.

If the Masonic Order and its members are the representatives of the humanitarian ideas, we, its members, cannot play in the history of the present development the part of blind and passive spectators, our absolute duty is to act with the view of improving human and social conditions, that is, according to the humanitarian idea.

Findel says: "As members of the Masonic Association to whom the political and religious fields of discussion are closed—perhaps with too much circumspection and narrowness of heart—to the theoretical discussion even when it is included in the philosophical limits of the general interests of humanity, and, still more—and rightly so—to an active participation, we should with difficulty be able to fulfil this mission, which is imposed upon us by an

epoch, that has its own tendencies and aims at attaining definite objects, but we can fulfil it as citizens and members of human society, without for this reason ceasing to be Freemasons. If the Royal Art is a decisive power, if the humanitarian profession of the Lodge has a field of application and activity, and if we imbibe in the Lodge humanitarian feelings, we shall be as citizens inspired in life by Masonic ideas and guided in our actions by Masonic principles; that is to say, the Freemason will be recognized by his actions, especially when it is a question of the welfare or the sufferings of his fellow-creatures or of the public good, and that not by outward signs, but by the inward manifestations of the Masonic spirit, by his high conception of life, justice, love, liberty, fraternity, by his attitude of calmness and by his thought free from prejudice. The neutrality of the Lodge with regard to all the political or religious intrigues of party is imposed and justified by the ideal spirit which prevails in it, and which only aims at a knowledge of what is eternal and immutable in the life of mankind, and embraces only what is common to all men. Its ideal is above all parties. In life, on the other hand, where it is a question of realizing an ideal in spite of the malleability of the human character, and in spite of the diversity of interests, it is only the man without any conscience that can remain indifferent. Here one must decide for right against injustice, have the feeling that one is part of a whole, and, each one in his own sphere, acquit oneself like a man in fulfilling one's duties towards other men.

Man is a son of warfare, and his history is a hard and laborious struggle, for in history is realized not only progress towards a state of things that shall be worthier of man; there also prevails in it a perversity which is manifested in the shape of egotism and the force of inertia and which causes the ruin of him who lowers himself until he seeks nothing but his own advantage. The masses that have become sluggish allow themselves to be oppressed and renounce mental possessions in order to preserve their material possessions; whereas it is only the idea, the sense for the possession of the spirit, that can turn humanity into a whole endowed with life. But, however strong the action of the negative powers on the element of good in man may be, they are powerless to root it out, and can only paralyze it temporarily. After a thousand defeats, the high principle which is enshrined in the heart of man holds up its head again, and in the end obtains a glorious victory for what is good and what is great.

A Freemason who is truly animated by the Masonic spirit has no prejudices; that is to say, preconceived and unguarded opinions adopted without examination, or, as Voltaire says: "opinions without judgment". Moreover, the source of prejudice being ignorance, a Mason is not permitted to be ignorant, for the ignorant man is incapable of giving judgment. A Mason admits nothing which he has not submitted to reflection and judgment. He does so not for fear of passing for one who is behind the times, or of escaping from what is called "imprint of tradition", but from deep conviction. Thus is it that, while submitting with tolerance to certain ideas, a Mason can no longer admit them for his own advantage. There are facts which to-day are absolutely disproved, and which an intelligent being can no longer accept. Masonry is the enemy of fanaticism, party-spirit, and prejudice, so that it is not possible for a Mason to be a Roman Catholic, seeing that he cannot belong to a society which maintains such erroneous ideas as to declare anathema, whoever says that everyone is at liberty to embrace and profess the religion he believes to be true—anathema, whoever says that the will of the people is supreme—anathema, whoever says that parents have the right to bring up their chil-

dren outside the Catholic faith—anathema, whoever says that the authority of the Church must submit to the civil power.

A Mason cannot be a Roman Catholic, because he would be bound by the discipline of the Church, and because he cannot ignore the excommunications that have been pronounced against Freemasonry by six successive pontiffs. The pretentions of the papacy are no longer compatible with the times. There is a necessary divorce between Roman Catholic theories and modern sciences. Reconciliation is no longer possible. There is only a struggle, a struggle without quarter, which must end in the triumph of science and of the conscience. It is useless to insist. A man is a free man, a Roman Catholic is a slave in submission to a compulsive discipline of the mind, and nothing is less compatible with the Masonic spirit. A true Mason animated by the Masonic spirit is, therefore, inspired by an earnest love of truth, and sincerely resolved to spare no prejudice, nor to allow himself to be lorded over by either fanaticism or party-spirit. The spirit of progress is the inspirer of the true Mason in all fields of human activity, and there must not be any works intended for the good and improvement of humanity which do not arouse his interest. Essentially a Mason has sympathy with every just cause and his heart beats for every work of justice, solidarity and fraternity. Nothing can leave him indifferent when it is a question of making his fellow-creatures happy, of improving social relations and of giving all men room enough in the sunshine, and the opportunity of earning their bread honestly without either excess of work or privations.

In answer to Mgr. Dupanloup, who has made a violent attack on Freemasonry (one can understand why), Brother Baudoin said: "In its transformations through the centuries Masonry has constantly modified its ideas by the very fact that it represents progress. Understanding, however, that the desire to destroy history is all in vain, it has respected ancient usages. Its rituals, which contain words from the Egyptian, Syrian, Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages, have borrowed something from all the religions which one after another have furnished it with their contingents of adepts. All these waifs of the olden times are as so many landmarks on the pathway of by-gone days pointing out the route that has been followed by mankind. To-day as formerly Masons are in search of truth; disciples of progress they urge on humanity to do better and better. The recollections of the past make them tolerant, because they know to how great an extent their ancestors were mistaken; and while seeking after truth like their predecessors they are well aware that they will never attain but a relative truth which is destined to be reformed or completed by their successors."

3. The Masonic spirit is finally and above all a spirit of *love* and of *justice*. The true Mason is a friend of peace; that is to say, he acknowledges with political economy the falsity of the opinion according to which a commercial nation can enrich itself only by the ruin of its neighbors. It believes that every nation takes a direct interest in the prosperity of the nations with which it stands in commericial relations, just as it is due to a merchant's interest that his customers enjoy a competency. The Mason believes with the economist that the various markets of the world are intimately connected, that trouble cannot arise for one without its being at once felt by the others, and that in the present conditions of things in Europe commercial relations are so numerous and the interests of the peoples so closely united that a war would be an evil, even for the conqueror. Aversion to war, therefore, should grow, for the more a people advances along the pathway of commercial and industrial development the more does its own interests incline it to

peace. The economic truths are nowadays so elementary that a true Mason should become a more and more enthusiastic friend of peace, and this the more so because he believes in human fraternity. Moreover, the Masonic Constitutions of 1723 emphasize the fact that Masonry has always been shocked by war, murder and confusion. Brother Benjamin Franklin was inspired by the Masonic idea when he said: "When will humanity be convinced that all war is a very costly and harmful whim, and when will it decide to settle its differences by arbitration?"

The true Mason favors war among individuals no more than among nations. He is inspired by a perpetual need of concord, good understanding, and harmony, he surmounts all difficulties in order to wipe out discord; he should indulge neither stubbornness nor rancor; and he knows how to pardon, to forget, and to hold out a friendly hand without any reservation. To all wicked insults, public or private, he replies by the dignity of his life and by the generosity of his feelings. We do not speak of his differences with his Brethren, for these are the first conflicts to quell by the practice of those Masonic virtues which are called loyalty, frankness and integrity. Every man and consequently every Mason cannot avoid enmity and jealousy; all have their enemies, even those who imagine they have none; but, if it is sometimes difficult, or rather if it is impossible to be sheltered from attacks, from slander, and from human spitefulness, the Mason cannot admit that his Brethren should assume a hostile position or act incorrectly towards him. He wins the confidence and affection of his Brethren by his activity and endeavors to disperse all the clouds which might darken or disturb his fraternal relations.

A Mason is naturally generous, philanthropic, and unostentatiously charitable. His love is revealed for all kinds of sufferings without his troubling about the political or religious opinions of his *proteges*. He does good for good's sake without self-esteem. Here, again, it is unnecessary to insist.

Finally, there is another disposition of mind natural to a Mason who is animated by the genuine Masonic spirit. His affections are not limited to the frontiers of his own country. He is patriotically attached to his country, which does not hinder him from being *humanitarian*.

In certain circles Masonic humanitarianism is laughed at and turned to ridicule. This does not disconcert us, because we believe in the mutual penetration of human interests and because we affirm the principles of fraternity and of human solidarity.

Besides, it will be in vain, for Masonry as a whole, its ideas, its symbols, its rituals, its usages and its history urge the Mason to widen the circle of his affection and his devotion. Masonry teaches him that all men, without distinction of race, people or history, deserve interest, esteem and sympathy.

Masonic fraternity exists; it is inherent to the teachings of the Alliance; it is so indisputably of Masonic essence that it is irrefutably proclaimed by the whole activity of the Order.

The same line of thought is emphasized by Brother Blatin, in his interesting biography of Brother Charles Limousin, the Editor of the "Acacia". He says: "The Masonic spirit consists of a profound feeling of affection and solidarity, which should unite all Masons, of contempt for the prejudices by which most men are governed, of Love of our Order and of the respect for the traditions which are its strength, of submission to our rites which constitute our discipline, and of the comprehension of our symbols from which are derived our highest lessons of philosophy and morals. If there is one thing that Masons should never forget, it is that they are truly united over the whole surface of the globe only by their rituals

and their symbols. External questions, about which they have the right to differ, may divide them, when they are not wisely discussed by them according to the rites as prescribed by the Order, but they never contribute to the strengthening of their union. History and Science show that the only bond which is powerful enough to maintain a close fraternal union among men who differ—often radically—from one another by their education, their knowledge, their customs, their nationality, their race and their language, is to be found in the practice of common usages."

The existence of our Order, its influence in the world, the improvement of men, and the *reapprochment* of the nations which it aims at, depend, therefore, above all, on the respect for these common usages, which no Freemason, at least, can neglect or weaken without violating the oath which he took of his own free will. One can, therefore, understand with what scruples and perseverance our Masonic Lodges should study our Rituals and Symbols and learn to profit by the teachings they contain. Wherever this study is neglected, there are no more initiated members in the true sense of the word. They are only outsiders disguised as Masons. That Brother is penetrated with the Masonic spirit who allows himself to be inspired by the principles of justice, solidarity, equality and fraternity, morality, education, love and internationality, preserving at the same time the love of his own country. Every Brother is in possession of the Masonic spirit who understands and practises the duties of uprightness, tolerance, the search after truth, the love of his neighbor, and the advancement of the well-being of his fellow-creatures and of the social harmony from the point of view of humanity as constituting a whole. He who understands the Masonic Art well knows very well for what purpose he has been intrusted with the hammer, the trowel, the plumb-line, the compass, the square, and the level. He knows that his sublime art bears not only on the individual but also refers to the end in view, that he must exercise himself not only within, but also without; that the Alliance exists not for the apparent organization of the Lodges, but for humanity, and that the object of the principles and duties is not a mere amusement, but a serious work.

The Masonic spirit, therefore, consists of a need of moral improvement, tolerance, respect and esteem for all, a love of progress and peace, work and devotion for humanity, generosity, and a spirit of sacrifice for our fellow-creatures. The Masonic spirit suggests the grand and noble ideas of the moral and intellectual education of the young, and the ever increasing development of the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity. By the assertion of free examination, by the recognition of the fact that it is not only a right, but a duty, as only the free use of thought renders possible the discovery of the truth, Masonry leads up to a study of all the problems of morality, philosophy and politics; it stimulates the mind's inquisitiveness; it is thus one of the primary causes of the rapidity with which progress is being realized in the modern world.

JEWELS OF THE BIBLE

By Mrs. Clara Virginia Leonard

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones."—Rev. 21:19.

(*Continued from the August Number.*)

THE Sancti diamond is said to have weighed 106 carats. It was the first diamond cut in Europe. It seems to have transferred hands several times. It was first owned by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the battle of Nancy where he lost his life. The jewel was afterwards found by a Swiss soldier and sold to a clergyman for 100,000 francs.

Sanci, a Frenchman, afterwards came in possession of it, "one of whose descendants was sent as ambassador by his sovereign, who required the diamond as a pledge. The servant carrying it was murdered, but not until he had swallowed the diamond. His master had the body cut open, and found the stone." It next fell into the hands of the crown of England and James II is said to have carried it with him to France in 1688, and Louis IV wore it at his coronation. In 1835 it was purchased by a rich Russian nobleman.

The Rajah of Mattan owned a large diamond weighing 367 carats. It was egg-shaped, with an indented hollow at one end.

History tells us that "he was offered $500,000, two warships fully equipped, a number of cannon and a quantity of powder for it".

Amongst the collection of the late Emperor of Brazil was one known as the Braganza. It is said to be the only gem that approaches the new gem recently discovered in size. It weighed 1,680 carats, or about twelve ounces. It is not believed by diamond experts, however, to be a genuine diamond, but only a "fine colorless topaz".

Small and inferior diamonds are generally used to cut diamonds and other hard stones, and by glaziers to cut glass. They are also made into diamond dust, and used for polishing stones or gems of all kinds.

Some think the ligure,* the seventh gem in the breast plate of judgment, to be the fossil belemnite, while others are of opinion it is the opal, the tormaline or the jacinth. It is regarded with great value in Egypt and Arabia. In color it is a deep red tinged with yellow, and is described by Pliny and Theophrastus as "sparkling like fire and resembling the carbuncle".

We now come to the agate,† the eighth stone in the breast plate. This gem is semi-pellucid, and its variegations are beautiful, representing trees, plants, rivers, clouds, etc. In ancient times it was used to make windows. This explains the passage referring to it in Isaiah: "I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones."

The color of the agate is usually white with a red-green grain in it. It takes its name from the river Achates, in Sicily, where it is found in considerable quantities. It is also plentiful in Scotland, and is known there as Scotch pebbles.

The amethyst,‡ the ninth in order in the breast plate, and the twelfth in the foundation stone of the New Jerusalem, is another highly valued gem. A beautiful specimen of this quartz is called amethistyne. It is of a violet or purplish violet color, sometimes fading to that of a deli-

*Exod. 28:19. 39:12.

†28:29. 39:12. Ezek. 27:22. Isaiah 44:12.

‡Exod. 28:19. 29:2. Rev. 21:20.

cate rose color. India, Ceylon and Brazil are celebrated for their fine specimens of this stone. It is found in Europe in veins and cavities of greenstone. England and Scotland are especially noted for its production. The Greeks held it in great veneration, believing it possessed powers to prevent intoxication, and persons addicted to drinking wore it around the neck as a charm against this habit. Its name signifies unintoxicated. The oriental gem is very scarce and of extreme hardness. A very good imitation we are told is made from glass.

The tenth stone in the breast plate was a beryl,* a transparent gem of unusual beauty and brilliancy. It is of a bluish green color, and is a product of the East Indies, Peru, Siberia and Tartary.

There are two kinds of onyx,† one a gem and the other a marble, both, however, resembling the color of the finger nails, from which they are said to have received their name. The marble onyx was prepared by David for the Jewish Temple. There is also a marble onyx called by the Greeks onychites, which Pliny describes as "a stone of Carmania".

The onyx is the first precious stone mentioned in the Bible, and is said to be a product of Havilah, through which the river Pison flowed. Job speaks of it as of great value. It seems also to have been favored above all other stones in that it was not only one of the twelve mentioned in the breast plate, the eleventh in order, but it was attached to the ephod and worn on the shoulders of the high priest, and is described in the Scripture as follows: "And thou shalt take two onyx stones and grave on them the names of the children of Israel, six of their names on one stone and six on the other, according to their birth. With the work of the engraver on the stone like the engraving of a signet shalt thou engrave the two stones with the names of the children of Israel. Thou shalt make them to set in ouches of gold, and thou shalt put two stones upon the shoulders for a memorial, and Aaron shall bear the judgment of the Lord upon his breast plate continually before the Lord."

We have now reached the jasper,* the twelfth or last stone belonging to the breast plate of judgment, and the first in the foundation wall of the New Jerusalem. This gem is said to produce a variety of colors, and is distinguished for its opacity. The English jasper is yellow with a mixture of brown, and, when found in stripes, as is often the case, it is called ribbon jasper. There is a variety known as porcelain jasper, but this is said to be very scarce.

Of all the minerals this gem appears to be the most abundant. It is found in veins and is imbedded in many kinds of rocks, of which frequently whole hills are found. Not only is it used for seals, rings, and small articles, but also to decorate palaces. It varies in color, sometimes being white and at others blue, black, green, red, yellow and brown, and is found in stripes of different colors. This is said to be caused from the mixture of clay and other substances, and with silica, of which it is largely composed. It takes a very high polish, and has been used from remote antiquity for ornamental purposes. The stone we call jasper does not accord with the description given of it in the Scripture as "most precious" and "like crystal".

Besides the gems described as having been used in the pectoral of the High Priest, we find other precious stones mentioned in the Scripture, chalcedony† being amongst the most beautiful. While found in different kinds of rocks, it is said to be far more common in lavas and trap rocks, and is found in all parts of the world. Scotland, Ireland and the Faras Islands produce it in great

*Exod. 28:10, 20. 16:41, 31. Psalm 48:7. Rev. 21:20.

†Gen. 2:12. Exod. 25:7. 28:9, 20. 37:27, 30. Job 28:16. Numb. 28:24. Chron. 29:2. Ezek. 28:13.

*Exod. 28:20. 39:13. Ezek. 28:30. Rev. 4:3. 21:11, 18, 19.

†Exod. 28:18. Rev. 21:19.

quantities. Like many of the precious stones just described, it varies in color, sometimes being white, at others bluish-white, then again reddish-white, milk white, gray, green yellow, brown and even black. It is usually translucent. Plants have been frequently found petrified in chalcedony, and specimens are often found enclosing water in the interior. This is said to give a very beautiful appearance. In order to retain it in rings, they are placed, when not worn, in distilled water.

Chraprasus,* another variety of chalcedony, though far more valuable, is a fine apple-green color. Inferior qualities, however, exhibit other shades of green, spotted occasionally with yellowish brown. Dampness prevents it from losing its color, and it is therefore preserved, when not in use, with damp cotton. Lower Silicica and Vermont both produce this quartz.

The chrysoprasus of the ancients was a stone of a yellowish white or green color. Pliny classes it among the beryls, and describes it as "sea-green" in color.

Chrsoberyl, a green colored gem tinged with yellow, is said to be almost as hard as sapphire. One writer says "those that exhibit an opalescent play of light are very beautiful". They are found in Ceylon, Pergu, Siberia, Brazil and Connecticut, usually in granite, sandstone and alluvial soils.

The ruby, another highly prized gem, is regarded by mineralogists as "red colored sapphire or spinel". The Almandine ruby is tinged with brown or red. Very fine varieties are found in Ceylon and the Burman Empire, and in Syriam in Pergu. They are generally known as oriental rubies. On one occasion history tells us that Kublah Khan offered Marco Polo, the king of Ceylon, "the value of a city for the price of a ruby", which, however, he refused. It is not known what afterwards became of it. It is described as having been "a span in length, and as thick as a man's arm".

The opal, also known as the Precious Opal, Noble Opal, and Oriental Opal, is a gem of great beauty. The finest specimen is brought from Kashau, Hungaria, where we are informed "it is found disseminated in trachytic conglomerate". It is of a bluish or yellowish white color, semi-transparent. It is related that the Roman Senator, Nonius, preferred exile to giving up an opal to Mark Antony.

Precious opals are also found in Saxony and in South America and are said to sparkle with great brilliancy. The variety known as common opal varies in color, sometimes being white and at others yellow, red and brown.

The garnet, also known as Precious Garnet or Almandine, is another beautiful and much valued gem. It is of a deep crimson or red color, and sometimes contains so much iron as to be attracted by the magnet. Some varieties are transparent while others are translucent. They are usually found in mica slate, horne-blend slate, and in gneiss, and abound in the moutainous parts of England and in Scotland, the finest quartz, however, being found in Syriam Pergu. Sometimes it is of a velvety green color and again black. There is a variety known as Goosularia, from its resemblance in form and size to a green gooseberry. This specimen is from Siberia. Lapidaries use powdered garnet, which they call red emery, to cut and polish other stones. There is a variety known as common garnet, said to be "found massive, aften forming a very considerable part of the rock in which it occurs: so as even to be used as flux in the smelting of iron".

Crystallized garnets are frequently found as large as a man's fists and again so minute as to be almost imperceptible.

The hyacinth, also called the jacinth, and often mentioned in the Scripture, is of a deep red color.

*Rev. 21:20.

Another mineral, first found in Turkey, and greatly admired as an ornamental stone, is the turquoise, also known as the Oriental Turquoise. It is of a greenish-blue color, "opaque or sometimes translucent around the edges". There is a substance of similar color, found near Simon, in Languedoc, known as Oriental Turquoise.

The most magnificent display of precious stones in the world, perhaps, is found in the crown made especially for the coronation of Queen Victoria, June 28, 1838, that worn by George IV and William IV being too large and heavy for her head.

One writer describes it as composed of a cap of rich purple velvet, inclosed in hoops of silver. "Precious stones so completely cover these hoops that the body seems a blaze of diamonds. The hoops are surrounded by a ball covered with small diamonds and have a Maltese cross of brilliants on top, and in the center of the cross a magnificent sapphire. The rim of the crown is ornamented with *fleur-de-lis* and Maltese crosses of rare and singularly rich and beautiful description. In front of the crown sparkles a celebrated ruby, shaped like a heart, once worn by Edward, the black Prince, and beneath an immense oblong sapphire. Ermine surrounds the lower part of this crown, wrought with a vast number of gems—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and clusters of drop pearls."

The crown is stated to have contained 2,166 precious stones and to have been valued at 113 pounds before the celebrated Kohinoor was added to it. This crown was designed after the ancient form instead of the pointed Gothic form adopted by George IV.

The regalia of England, "in full use only at a coronation", continues this writer, "contains many beautiful and splendid objects.

"Those who have visited the Regalia Room at the Tower will remember how they have puzzled over the use or significance of some of these glittering and begemmed pieces. For instance, there is St. Edward's staff, glittering with gems and golden spurs, both of which were worn by Elizabeth. Queen Victoria contented herself, however, with accepting them and laying them by her side. The scepter with the cross of gold, set with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, and having a large amethyst valued at 20,000 pounds. The scepter with dove. The golden orb surmounted by a cross of gold and precious stones. The cutana, or sword of mercy. The pointed sword of spiritual justice and of temporal justice.

"The two-handed Sword of State. St. Edward's crown—that object on which so many have gazed with wonder at the Tower. The armillia or coronation bracelet of solid, fine gold. The ring called the 'Golden Legendi', the 'ring of faith and kingly dignity'. It has been popularly called 'the wedding ring of England', and is evidently very ancient because of the engravings on the stones—the art of engraving on precious gems having been long lost. Its use can be traced to early days, as when Peter Langroft wrote:

> " 'To William the Rede King
> Is given the coroun:
> At Westmynster took he ryng
> In the Abbay of Londoun.' "

THE NEW SCIENCE

By M. S. Buck

NOTE—The present writer's article on "Present Day Occultism and Its Literature", in the June New Age, offered an objection to most of the modern literature on this subject, without indicating, to any extent, the characteristics of desirable teachings. It is the purpose of the following article to remedy this omission.

IT is safe to assume that, within the last twenty years, more people than ever have turned from the sacerdotal systems that have been thrust upon them, that they might, as individuals, begin a free and unhampered search for Truth. To these people has come knowledge of the fact that they are entitled to more than they have received, and that it is their privilege to think for themselves, if they so desire. Their rational intelligence, dissatisfied with the two opposing dogmas of Theology and Materialism, has demanded, imperatively, that they be given the religion and the Truth of Nature and of God, instead of the earth-bound teachings of narrow-minded and self-blinded men.

In reply to this cry, the Few who knew somewhat of the Truth came forth from the places where they had awaited just such a call. And teachings, new to the world in general, were put forth—at first veiled, and then more openly. But in accepting all that was offered along these new lines, people have been too credulous. And the purpose of this article is to indicate, briefly, to such people, the lines followed by the true teachings.

He who turns from the blind faith of his progenitors and exclaims, "Give me light that I may see for myself!" has every right to receive that light. It may come through books, or from the lips of men, depending somewhat on his individual need. But he, in return for the effort and the time he spends in study, has the right to demand of his teacher or of the teachings he considers, that they conform to the highest ideals and aspirations of his soul. And, also, that they be scientific, constructive, individual, clear and rational. For the heavily veiled doctrines of Eastern Mysticism will not satisfy the occidental mind.

The teachings must be in line with man's highest thoughts. They must not offend those fragments of ancient teachings which have survived the corruptions and alterations of editors, translators and priests. For every man, though he turn, unsatisfied, from the religion of his nation, will yet retain, pure in his heart, the high ideals—often unrealized and generally forgotten—of that religion. And there is no need for the teacher of the new science to either reject, ignore or belittle these truths.

The teachings must be scientific. The intelligent mind of the present day is more or less familiar with the discoveries of physical science. He knows that certain physical facts, contradicting certain sacerdotal teachings, have been proven true. He knows that man was not created in a day, but that he evolved. He knows that the world is more than four thousand years old. These facts of science, together with many others, have been demonstrated, and may be personally demonstrated by any individual who possesses the necessary intelligence, time, data and instruments.

Therefore the new teachings to which he turns should embrace these findings of physical science. They may, it is true, correct those Theories of physical science which the intelligent soul refuses to accept. But the Facts should all be accounted for, regulated, and placed in their proper relative positions.

The teachings should be written plainly and clearly. All lines of argument followed out logically and intelligently. No double meanings, mystical phraseology or allegory, should be found there. Science speaks plainly, and states its facts so clearly that even an average reader may comprehend, and, therefore, this new science of the soul must, in order to satisfy the demands of intelligence, do likewise.

There are a few statements made by the new science which must be taken for granted. For instance, it is stated, not as a belief but as a fact, that the life of the soul continues after the death of the body. Few men Know this, but most men believe it sincerely, and, therefore, a line of argument starting from this point—a point in harmony with the inner intuitions of the soul—would be considered, by an earnest searcher, as having a firm foundation. Especially when the statement is made that this fact of a future life may be scientifically demonstrated by anyone having the necessary time, courage, intelligence and perseverence to make the effort.

On the other hand, statements dealing with matters far beyond the reach of intelligence should not be accepted offhand. If they seem reasonable, they may be considered and held in abeyance, as it were. Such statements which, by their very transcendental nature appear more as speculation than as fact will not be found in the true teachings as a necessary part of their system. The keystone of the new science is not "I believe" but "I know". And the student must bear in mind that he has every right to expect that a study of the subject and a personal application of its teachings should fit him to personally demonstrate Every Matter Mentioned in the Public Teachings.

The teachings must be constructive. They must not tear down old structures until they have built better ones. The average man who refuses to consider the man-made teachings of his church as the last word, and turns from them in his search for light, does so because he expects to turn to better and more satisfactory teachings. And the new teachings are in duty bound to provide for such a man at least a foothold where he can rest while he looks about him. There are few sadder sights than that of a man who, lured by the mysticism of the orient, turns from his church only to find himself without a stone on which to stand, and without a refuge. Especially if such a man lacks the will necessary to advance, by his own effort, from such a state. Therefore, the new science will say, "This (or that) teaching has been tampered with by men. The truth is this . . . Examine it for yourself before you reject the old."

The teachings must be individual. They must point out the path, using plain, comprehensive English words and phrases. They must not seek to hurry the individual in his effort, nor indicate that hurry is necessary, but rather must hold an attitude which may, perhaps, be expressed by the following:

"I point the path. Tread it, if you have the courage. I will not lead you; but if you step falsely I will warn you. For your effort, I promise you nothing save that which you yourself have in your heart. First, you must persevere. Then, if you are credulous, I promise a heaven for your credulous mind. If you are clear sighted, intelligent and clean, I promise as a reward all that your rational intelligence can comprehend. If you are skeptical, yet persevere, I promise you nothing—or everything: depending on yourself."

These are the words of the new science, as it speaks with the voice of truth. And these true teachings are to be found in this country to-day—if one will but search for them.

DISSECTION OF THE MANIFESTO OF MR. JAMES FOULHOUZE

Presented on the 24th Day of July, 1858

By Charles Bienvenu, Esq.

TO THE ASSOCIATION OF PERSONS IN NEW ORLEANS THAT FANCIES ITSELF "A SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE"

(*Continued from the August Number*)

JAMES FOULHOUZE, in his unmanly and unmannerly letter to the Grand Orient of France, at page 101 in his "Memoire", complains that the letter of that Illustrious Body was delivered to him "unsealed and by the hands of his enemies".

We foresaw this pitiable brawling, and so, for Bienvenu's sake, who did us the honor to ask some questions on the subject, we answer:

1st. That the Grand Orient of France corresponds with no private Mason; and that to the Grand Orient James Foulhouze was but a private Mason and could not be considered as the President of a Body which does not exist in the opinion of the Grand Orient nor in that of the world!

2nd. That the letter together with an authentic copy thereof was forwarded unsealed to Ill. Bro. Samory, 33rd, as an active member of the Supreme Council at Charleston, which Illustrious Body also received from the Grand Orient a duplicate authentic copy of said letter;

3rd. That when we read the copy forwarded to us from Charleston, before reading the original and copy directed to Brother Samory, who was then absent, we thought that the course pursued by the Grand Orient would enable James Foulhouze to repudiate its authority, to say that he was an American citizen and had no orders to receive from the Grand Orient, notwithstanding his apparent devotion to that Illustrious Body; that he would take advantage of that letter to create noise and that scandal which he seemed so much to dread in his obsequious letter to Prince Murat, under date July 15th, 1856. (See page 39 of Brother Lamarre's Defence.) One of us then wrote a letter to Prince Murat, warning him of the consequences which might result from the delivery of the said letter and suggesting another course. But the answer to our missive not coming when we thought it was due, we resolved to send the letter to James Foulhouze. The event has proved that our anticipations were well founded;

4th. That the Grand Orient could not send the letter directly to James Foulhouze; it was bound, according to its own rules, to send it to the Supreme Council at Charleston or to its lawful Representatives in Louisiana, it has done so;

5th. That if the Grand Orient had simply mailed the letter to him, we feel convinced that he would not have communicated it to anybody, except perhaps to Mr. Collens, upon whom he would have enjoined se-

crecy, that his adherents, as well as his enemies, as he calls us, would have known nothing about that letter and that he would have continued to "underhand puddle";

6th. That we have not the least confidence in Mr. Foulhouze, and that is the reason why we sent him the letter by one of our members, who, at our special request, compared the original with the authentic copy remaining in our hands and who could be a witness that James Foulhouze had received the letter;

7th. That the original letter having been read and compared by us with the authentic copy in our hands, it would have been an act of duplicity to send that original duly sealed and thereby induce even James Foulhouze to believe that it had not been read, which is always supposed when a letter is handed sealed. Moreover, no gentleman, we appeal to Mr. Bienvenu, will ever consent to hand a sealed message from an enemy to his enemy.

James Foulhouze talks at random of everything except, of course, of such things as might prove his bad faith and guilt. Why does he not say, for instance, that, after the conference with Brothers Samory and Mackey, he pledged to them his Word that so long as our Organization should thrive he would do nothing to revive his pretensions? In our notes we have already called the attention of the Order to this fact, and we ask again why the wretch Forfeited his Word? He not only pledged it to Brothers Samory and Mackey, but he also told Brother Tissot that he had done so. And what is a man who forfeits his word, a sacred Masonic word? Alas! history proves that an apostate priest never could become a gentleman!

It is not true that Brother Samory ever wrote to the Grand Orient or to the Supreme Council of France to demand anything. James Foulhouze and his friend, whoever he is, are hereby challenged to prove their assertion.

All he says in order to exculpate himself from the charge of having forged the French translation of paragraph 10 of the Regulations of the ex-Supreme Council, Is Not True! We have before us the Minute-book of that Body; each page, each line of which is written out by himself, and we challenge any one to find therein anything warranting his false assertions. Mr. Bienvenu, or any other gentleman, may examine said Minute-book. We have, besides, witnesses who are ready to testify that the manuscript of the translation by the late Brother Duvivier was taken away by James Foulhouze; that the proof-sheets thereof were corrected by James Foulhouze; that Brother Duvivier, having complained to the printer about the alteration made in his translation, the latter referred him to James Foulhouze. And if it were true, which it is not, that Brother Duvivier had said anything—see page 71 of the "Memoire"—in open Supreme Council, about the above alteration, is it not evident that James Foulhouze, who himself confesses—page 67—that he had resolved to do away with the Constitutions of 1786, is it not evident, we say, that he would have mentioned the fact in the Minutes? But we here warn all persons concerned that it is the fellow's tactics to lie impudently when he does not slander, and *vice versa*, and we will prove it in proper time, by the very documents which he invokes to substantiate his falsehoods.

Yea, the scamp talks of the obligations of others to him, and he meanly forgets that, on a certain day, his white liver shaking with fear, his trembling voice asking, in agony, "What shall become of me?" his shivering hand nailing on his door, "Room to rent", his whole body overwhelmed with his innate cowardice, he himself performing the filthy act of which the puppies once became guilty of in the presence of Jupiter, he forgets, do we say, that at least three of those

whom he so cowardly slanders helped to conceal him and were ready, at the risk of their own lives, to defend and protect his contemptible life, when the Mob decided to lynch and kill him in consequence of certain news from Cuba and of the stigmatizing articles which Laurent J. Sigur wrote against him in the "Daily Delta" of May 31st, June 1st, 1850,* and subsequently, and which remain Unanswered to this day. He has lived, and breathed, and eaten, and drunk, and slept full eight years after this disgraceful accusation, in the same sovereign and independent State, in the same city with his energetic accuser!!! Aye, slanderers, like poisoners, are Cowards! And it is this individual who dares to say that if he were to abandon the three Symbolic Degrees to the Grand Lodge, our American Brethren would flock around him!!! And it is this "fellow" who dares to appeal to the York Masons of the land!!! And it is this "scamp" who deludes and dupes and has Under his control men and gentlemen of the stamp of Mr. V. A. de Castro and a number of children of their friend, of the benefactor of Cuba, of Laurent J. Sigur!!! Ah! to them we appeal and we say: "How can you for one second remain connected with such a man as James Foulhouze, without repudiating your glorious past, without abjuring your own origin, without casting to the winds your own rights, without failing in your duties to those who trusted to your honor and will invariably defend your cause, without causing to shudder in their graves Narciso Lopez, the garroted, as he undoubtedly says."†

*For the information of those who may not have time to read the "Delta" of 1850 we subjoin "only" the two first articles of Laurent J. Sigur, together with the response of Messrs. Collens and Preaux to his first article.

†At pages 50, 89 and 90 of his "Memoire" he says: "Gedge, the suicide: George Cadoudal, the guillotined: Marshal Ney, the shot! But while the fate of those unfortunate victims will elicit the pity and compassion of all noble hearts, the Masonic Annals will mention in disgust the name of James Foulhouze, the apostate priest and Mason!

1.

"Daily Delta", May 31st., 1850.

JAMES FOULHOUZE

We understand that this individual left our city for Havana on board the Falcon. Foulhouze belongs, body and soul, to the Captain General and his consular minions, and it is nothing but right that he should go home to his master. He can add to his former services, that an American citizen, standing upon American soil, he had the impudence to say, in the presence of a high functionary of this State, that he would raise a company of Spaniards to go and fight his own countrymen. Too base to understand and appreciate the motives which impelled a gallant band to go forth and plan the standard of Freedom upon the soil of Cuba, he stigmatized them as Robbers and Pirates. We blush to say that the fellow holds a commission of Notary in this State! Can he not be retained in Cuba? From such Scamps deliver us, on most high and mighty Mirasol!

2.

"Daily Picayune", May 31st, 1850, evening edition. (Communicated.)

JAMES FOULHOUZE

Messrs. Editors:

The object of Mr. Foulhouze's visit to Cuba is certainly one which should not call down upon his head the imprecations of the Editors of the "Delta". It is admitted by them that Mr. Foulhouze may have some influence with the authorities of Cuba, and, such being the case, he has gone to Havana for the sole purpose of using all that influence to obtain the release of the men of the Lopez expedition who have fallen into the power of the Captain General. This noble mission, prompted by the dictates of his own good heart and approved by his friends, Mr. Foulhouze will strain every nerve to accomplish successfully. If he succeeds in saving the life of a single American, we are certain

that it will be more than a sufficient consolation to him for the abuse and imprecations his visit to Havana has drawn down upon him.

The other parts of the "Daily Delta's" article will, "no doubt", receive Mr. Foulhouze's attention In Due Time. He is absent. Suffice it to say at present that all charges against Mr. Foulhouze as an honorable man and a true American are wholly false.

T. Wharton Collens,
Robert Preaux.

3.

Answer of L. J. Sigur, "Daily Delta", June 1st, 1850.

MESSRS. FOULHOUZE, COLLENS AND PREAUX

Our comment upon the first of these individuals were based Upon Facts stated by us. The two latter, in a card published in yesterday evening's "Picayune", without knowing anything of these facts, have the hardihood to assert that they are "false". Now, we will soon fix the falsehood upon them, and teach them that it is neither prudent nor wise to speak of things which they know nothing of. Let Mr. Foulhouze, when he returns, Deny the Charge, and we will confront him with our witnesses.

Laurent J. Sigur and the heroes who died for the emancipation of your country whilst he, the wretch, fattens in comfort, struts about the streets of an American city, and grins at you and your country!!!

That degraded wretch who slanders everybody, who is a bad son, that miscreant whose liver "shall ever sag with doubt and shake with fear", dares to call the Defence of Brother Lamarre a "Deed of infamy!" Does he then feel no more the still burning stigma "of infamy" with which the hand of Laurent J. Sigur has branded his wolfish forehead? Aye, aye, villain! Brother Lamarre and his "Defensor" can pass with their heads erect through the streets of New Orleans and nobody will call them Spanish spies!

And it is this wretch who makes parade of his love for his adoptive country, for the liberties of which he says he is ready to fight! He knows, of course, that those liberties are not endangered and we are very certain that, if ever they were, the proper authorities would take good care to secure his services by lodging him in jail!

He, indeed, does not seem to be aware that certain "infamous deeds" of his are known and that, if they were divulged, he would be compelled to flee from the community and seek a refuge in the wilderness as Cain did of old. He seems to have forgotten the many proofs of disgust which the memers of a certain class of gentlemen were wont to evince at his approach, turning their backs upon him and at the same time muttering S. . . . S., which does not exactly mean Soli, Soli; and those unmistakable manifestations compelled him, as it were, to confine his practice to the parishes below New Orleans. We advise that vile slanderer to be prudent, lest we speak and cause to speak two or three other persons whom he daily ducks and cringes to, though he knows their mitigated contempt for him!

And still, through friendship to him, a respectable Spanish merchant helped to remove from the chair of Justice a worthy, white and free-born citizen of Louisiana, the head of a family in narrow circumstances, universally loved and esteemed, in order to put thereon the slanderer, the apostate priest, the wilful law violator, who teaches that the word "country" is sheer nonsense, that gratitude is servitude, who has nobody to take care of but his own contemptible self, who has neither wife nor children; the blessed girls of Louisiana be warmly and heartily thanked and congratulated for that! And his Spanish friend will agree with us and confess, rather too late, that to help the iniquitous

and unworthy is to call on one's head God's just punishment! And that punishment did take place!

And this is the point to which James Foulhouze has brought Masonry! And we ask, in the name of all that is sacred to man, what is the cause of so shocking a polemic? Merely and simply because James Foulhouze thirsted for revenge against those who had proven to him that he was, as he now hypocritically says in his "Memoire", nothing but their first servant.

Tanane pium jecur aestuat ira!

Several members of both camps confess that this is plainly a personal hatred . . . . on James Foulhouze's side and certainly not on our side, for we again pledge our Masonic word that we never entertained any hatred against him, at any time; we simply dispise him now, for we were exceedingly slow and reluctant to adopt the universal opinion about him.

We need not say, in conclusion, that as a gentleman and especially as a Mason, we deplore beyond All expression having been compelled to come in contact with such an individual as James Foulhouze—and we regret it the more in exposing his unmanly and anti-Masonic dealings, we may have, in some respect, injured the cause of Masonry, in laying bare some of its ulcers—but Masonry is a human institution and consequently imperfect; those who compose it cannot forget that they are men and gentlemen and called upon to live in a society which has laws that must be respected. In a contest for nearly four years we have tried to do our duty and to follow strictly the dictates of Justice, order and our conscience; we have acted sincerely and the result has proved to our satisfaction that we were in the right. In any other case but this, we would apologize for our harshness; but we owe it to our friends, to the Order, to our beloved children and to ourself to repel all undeserved insult. And we are ready, at any time, to stand by what we have said and written, and to defend and vindicate our position at the hazard of our life. We trust to God for the rest!

Charles Laffon de Ladebat, 33rd.

Some doubts having been expressed as to whether Messrs. Foulhouze, Collens, Faget and Massicot had ever resigned their membership in the late Supreme Council at New Orleans, and therefore their right to interfere with its proceedings, we give a faithful copy of the resignation of each of them:

Valley of New Orleans,
July 30th, 1853.

To the M. Ill. BB. Lieut. G. C. Officers and Members of the Supreme Council Sitting at New Orleans.

M. Ill. BB.:

Circumstances which I am unable to control, but (I must say) independent of the rejection of the resolutions which were discussed in our last sitting, have placed me in the necessity of tendering my resignation both as Commander and member of this Supreme Council, and I therefore hereby respectfully tender it to you.

Please, M. Ill. BB., to accept my sincere thanks for the confidence which you had placed on me, and the vows which I make for your prosperity. I will with an ever-new pleasure remember the moments of happiness which I have now and then enjoyed during our Masonic intercourse.

As I have accounts to settle with the Council, I respectfully ask that a committee be appointed to that effect.

I remain, M. Ill. BB., under the signs, battery and numbers known to us,

Your most respectful Servt. and Brother,

James Foulhouze, 33rd.

New Orleans,
19th December, 1853.

To the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree in the Valley of New Orleans, etc.

Illustrious Sovereigns:

Resign all office and membership in your Council.

Yours respectfully,
T. Wharton Collens.

(Translated from the French.)

East of New Orleans,
December 20th, 1853.

Jn. Bte. Faget, Treasurer of the Supreme Councils of 33rds, Sitting at the Valley of New Orleans.

To the M. P. G. Commander and Members of Said Council.

M. P. Bros.:

The second year of my office as Treasurer of this Council expires this year. I beg you to accept my resignation as such; also as active member of said Council, having been in active service therein since its foundation. My age and infirmities compel me to address you this request.

I have the favor to salute you by the Masonic numbers which are known to you and the honors which are due to you.

Your brother,
Jn. Bte. Faget.

My books and accounts are ready; also a balance to credit of the Council, which I will hand over to the Brothers who will be entrusted with that mission.

(Translated.)

To the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree, Sitting at New Orleans.

Most Illustrious Inspectors:

The second year of my service as Secretary of your Most Ill. Body expires this day, 3rd Wednesday of December, 1853; and as my profane occupations prevent me from participating any longer in your labors and still less from keeping the books thereof, I send you my resignation as Secretary and as member of this Supreme Council, and I beg you to appoint a committee to whom I shall deliver your books and archives.

I am, with the greatest respect, M. Ill. Bros.,

Your humble servant,
J. J. E. Massicot.

(No date to this communication.)

N. B.—Messrs. J. Lisbony and J. Lamothe also sent in their resignations, but they were not accepted, because both were in arrears with the Treasury and, upon their peremptory refusal to pay said arrears, their names were stricken off the rolls.

The impartial reader will please to state how those who signed the above communications have any right to continue the old Supreme Council, after it had been legally and lawfully dissolved by the only members who composed it in February, 1855.

J. Foulhouze says, page 86 of his "Memoire": "As for me, through consideration, not for that man, but for his lady, who is justly esteemed, and for his children, whom I never ceased to love since I knew him, I must be silent and content myself with pitying him! Family has rights which an honest citizen cannot overlook without committing himself."

Upon being asked by Mr. V. A. de Castro, one of his adherents, what he understood by those insinuations, he answered: "I meant to say that my sympathy alone for that man's family prevented me from challenging him"!!!

If such be the case, we humbly confess that we never understood a word of French—but we must be allowed to say that any other person would have conveyed so simple an idea with quite different words. Indocti discant!

C. L.

(*Concluded.*)

Clippings

If craft journalism has to take a place in the world of literature equivalent to the place which Freemasonry occupies in the Social Order it must be the highest intellectual character which the members of the craft are able to exemplify. But, sad to say, as soon as this is attempted in a modified degree ignorant criticism interferes. The criticism of an intelligent thinker is healthy, but that which is born of ignorance, and seeks to drag all things down to its own level, is painful. The true journalistic accomplishment is to gather together that material which, personified, represents a band of leaders in thought and action and higher concepts; but a false journalism has vitiated the public taste for literature. Instead of the healthy literary food which is ideal journalism, and which builds up, the demand is for namby-pamby stuff which is forgotten as soon as read, and therefore accomplishes no constructive reality. A correspondent in the North, writing on this topic, says: "Most people seem to me to hate the trouble of thinking; indeed, very few of them know how to think, and don't want to know. They allow the papers to do their thinking as well as dictating to them what they shall eat, what they shall drink, and with what they shall be clothed."

Shall we dare to say that this is, in a very extensive way, true in Freemasonry? How many there are who accept the dictates of ritualism as the end of all constructive thought and then rush blindly through it all with thoughts of what they shall eat and what they shall drink, and strive to attain the highest fashion in Masonic clothing merely for the sake of the glamour thrown around by it? We shall not say it aloud, but just suggest that there are a few who will find there is some truth in it all.

The foregoing thoughts have been growing in the editorial mind for some time, and now comes the Editor of "The New Age" with his impressions. In the August number he writes: "We have reflected seriously on the scope of articles appearing in this magazine, because it has been said by some that we 'Shoot over the heads of Masons.' We have yet, however, to have any individual Mason say that any article in 'The New Age' shoots over his head. It is always the other fellow's head that we miss! * * * If a man has any head at all it seems to us he must be interested, provided, of course, that he can read and takes any interest in any subject except the 'Bread and Butter Arts and Sciences.' * * * 'Masonry,' says Albert Pike, 'is a succession of allegories, the mere vehicles of great lessons in morality and philosophy.' Lessons in morality and in philosophy are not taught by stale or flippant jokes, nor by notices of lodge meetings, nor by mere "personals." * * * Whether a magazine or periodical is "Masonic" depends on what we mean by "Masonry." It is not any easy task to combine these features in

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tine same magazine, but we hope that we have measurably succeeded in showing that Freemasonry in all its degrees is not an alien in the fields of science and literature."

We can appreciate the drawbacks of our contemporary. "The New Age." is undoubtedly one of the foremost Masonic organs on the Western Continent, and to open its monthly issues to the bald reports of lodge meetings would be to come down from the pedestal on which it has reigned supreme since its first issue. The Freemason, being a weekly Journal, seeks to accommodate all parties, and give each a share of its pages.—From *The Freemason*, London, England.

What the Readers of The New Age Magazine Think of It.

We print below a few expressions of the loyality and good-will of the readers of this magazine taken from recent letters. No editor could ask for a greater endorsement of his publication and its policies than is expressed here by the true and loyal friends of The New Age Magazine.

More Meat Than in Five Others

Enclosed please find P. O. M. Order for $6.50, for which please give me credit for $5.00 on five years' subscription to The New Age Magazine and $1.50 for one year's subscription to same for Mr. Jno. A. Knufer, 44 Parsons Block, Burlington, Iowa.

I get more meat out of The New Age than any five other magazines that I take.

Yours truly,
W. C. Cross,
Burlington, Iowa.

Cannot Afford to be Without It

Attached hereto please find New York Draft for $6.15, for which please credit my account, which is in arrears for $1.15; also credit me with advance subscription for a term of five years from June, 1911, to 1916. I had overlooked this expiration. *No, I cannot afford to be without the magazine.* The writer has been a laborer in the vineyard for the past thirty-five years, and to me it is the *highest type of Christian Religion that has ever been placed before a civilized world.*

Fraternally yours,
A. E. Mc Manus,
Sioux City, Iowa.

(Continued on page 15)

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Best Wishes and Good Will

Enclosed kindly find check for $3.00 for one year's subscription to The New Age and the "Great Work" by T. K. We are very much interested in your magazine and think that it should be in every Masonic home in the country. Wishing you the greatest success, I am, Yours respectfully,

OSCAR J. W. BURG,
Spokane, Wash.

The Family Enjoys the Literary Section

I hasten to take advantage of your five-year proposal on subscription. While I especially enjoy the Masonic portion of your esteemed magazine, my family appreciates the literature therein most highly.

Yours very respectfully,
ALMOR STERN,
Logan, Iowa.

Wishes Us Greater Success With Time and Age

Your letter of the July 15th at hand. I have read articles in The New Age ever since its founding and think the magazine a very good addition to the Rite and Masonry in general. I enclose with pleasure P. O. Money Order for $5.00, taking advantage of your special subscription offer for a five years' subscription. Hoping the magazine will meet with greater success as time goes on, I beg to remain,

Fraternally yours,
CHAS. H. VOSS,
Spokane, Wash.

Hopes That We May Live Long and Prosper

Enclosed please find my check for $5.00 for five years' subscription to The New Age as per your letter. *I think its work a grand one and hope it will continue long.*

Fraternally yours,
STEPHEN P. WRIGHT,
Butte, Montana.

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Enclosed please find Post Office Money Order for $1.50, for which kindly send me your magazine for one year. When that time expires if it is the will of our Supreme Grand Master to let me remain an active member of our great and grand order will again renew my subscription as *The New Age is the best magazine read in my home.*

Fraternally yours,
R. HANSEN,
Elmhurst, Calif.

Reads it in a Lodge of Instruction

Enclosed please find N. Y. Exchange for $1.50 as subscription to your magazine. Please send me at your earliest conve-

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 15)

nience the back numbers containing "The Landmarks of Freemasonry" from the start of these interesting articles. I have the April and May numbers, and wish to read them in a Lodge of Instruction in my lodge. Thanking you in advance,

Yours truly,
E. T. CRAIG,
Mexico, D. F.

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Enclosed please find $5.00 to pay for The New Age Magazine as per your special offer. *I get a great deal of pleasure as well as instruction from the articles pertaining to Masonry, and outside of that I find it a more readable magazine than any other.*

Fraternally yours,
J. L. MCMAHON,
Houston, Texas.

Getting Better and Better all the Time

Enclosed please find $5.00 for The New Age until 1916. *Must congratulate you on getting out such a good magazine. It is getting better all the time.*

Yours in the Faith,
CHARLES JENKINS,
Bas Obispo, Canal Zone.

A Power for Good for the Members of the Craft

Enclosed find my check for $3.00 for one year's subscription to your magazine and one copy of the "Great Work." *I have read several copies of The New Age Magazine with pleasure and profit to myself and believe it to be a power for good to members of the Craft or any unprejudiced person who will read and study it.*

Yours fraternally,
O. O. ALLISON,
Chester, W. Va.

Not a Mason Yet he Enjoys it

On the 10th inst. I received the July issue of The New Age Magazine, but I am confident that I did not receive the June issue when published. In every issue I find something of distinct interest, and therefore feel impelled to report the non-receipt of the June number. *Although not a Mason, you have my best wishes for the continued success of your publication.* I enclose check for $1.50 in renewal of my subscription.

Very respectfully,
R. S. KURSHEEDT,
New York City.

Well Pleased With The New Age

I have been greatly pleased with the magazine and am enclosing one year's subscription. I thank you heartily for the extended courtesy received.

Most fraternally yours,
REV. HARVEY MILTON SHIELDS,
Dawson, New Mexico.

(Continued on page 19)

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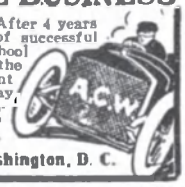

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ALFRED WASS,
Dakota, Minn.

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Your letter of 10th received. Very sorry to have let this matter go so long without attention. *I think The New Age magazine is a great book for a man young in Masonry.* Attached you will please find Money Order for $3.50, for which you will please mail me The New Age for one year and send me one copy of the book entitled "The Great Work."

Fraternally yours,
M. DARK,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Enjoys it Very Much

Enclosed please find check for $5.00, for which I take advantage of your liberal offer on subscription to The New Age Magazine. *I enjoy its contents very much and eagerly look for it each month.* Wishing you and it much success, I am,

Yours very truly,
H. D. SAULPAW,
Calhoun, Tenn.

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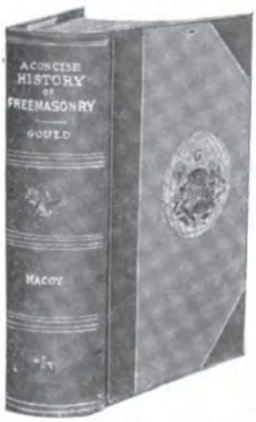

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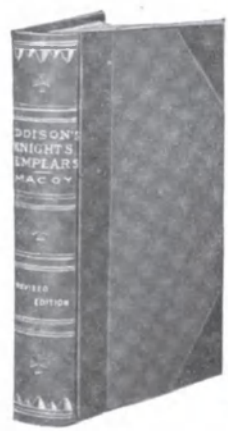

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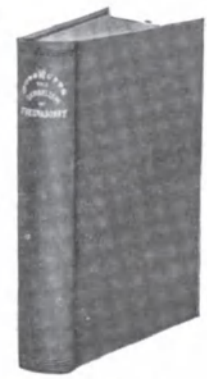

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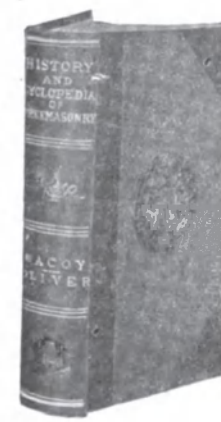

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